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*We beg leave to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications: and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.*

## NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Prince Bülow paid a tribute to the press on Tuesday in his speech at the opening of the International Peace Congress. It took rather a curious form, and reminds one of Lord Salisbury's way. "Great is the power of the press in these days", exclaimed the Chancellor, and he went on to remark first on its power to spread rumours. That strikes us as a difficult compliment. The Chancellor went on to say that the press could found convictions which nothing could dissipate for years. He did not say whether the convictions were good ones or bad. The press could also evoke views and awake ideas. This speech might have been made by a lover or a hater of the press. On the whole we are inclined to think that Prince Bülow views the press with just as much faith and affection as the old ruling classes in England have always viewed it.

In this speech Prince Bülow made a strong statement about the relations of Germany and this country. He said: "Go among German families and you will find how friendly we all are towards England. No one dreams of attacking her. It is a frightful misunderstanding". The words "all" and "no one" are too inclusive and exclusive respectively. There are dreamers of this kind in Germany, and they often have very bad nightmares. But Prince Bülow's exaggeration is very pardonable. He should have said something about the German waiters and German hairdressers. Apparently it is they who are going to carry out the invasion of England.

The German reply to the Franco-Spanish Note is said to have been delivered and to be courteous in

tone, but one desires further and better particulars on certain points. There is no doubt that Mulai Hafid will be recognised in the end, after more or less chaffering and delay. Meanwhile M. Pichon has been making a speech at Poligny, in the Jura, which does not help us much, for it consists largely of the generalities which have done duty of late as expositions of French policy in Morocco. He tells us that French policy is "pursuing its normal development in Africa". France "has acted in the spirit of an elevated patriotism—European patriotism". All Europe can say to this is that France has not done much yet to justify the mandate given her. We all want to see Morocco quiet and trade reviving. M. Pichon thinks it is the other fellow's fault: a reply which does not carry conviction.

Following the example of certain British Labour leaders, M. Briand has been reading a lecture to his socialist constituents. He has evidently had the good sense to learn from his experience of office and calls the blatant agitator to order in fine style. He tells his constituency that order in the country is the first requisite of good government, in fact that the duty of a Government is to govern. M. Briand has declared war upon the revolutionary socialists and has described them (rightly enough) as "the worst enemies of the working classes". All this adds piquancy to the approaching reopening of the Chambers. Before the meeting the General Confederation of Labour had sent down hawkers to S. Etienne to sell some of M. Briand's old revolutionary speeches, but he showed a cheery indifference to his record worthy of Mr. Burns, and is to be congratulated on not being ashamed of profiting by his initiation into the art of government.

In his conduct towards M. Gueshof the Grand Vizier by common consent belied his reputation for conciliatory methods, and he has now attempted to smooth over the incident by a civil despatch to the Bulgarian Government. But a message from the "Times" correspondent in Sofia makes it clear that the aims of the Young Turks, even though kept in the background for the present, are causing some nervousness

among European statesmen. November, when the Parliament meets, will be a critical time. The railway strike has ended, which is all to the good. The employees have apparently been convinced that a Constitution does not involve a rise in wages. The Bulgarian Government probably contributed to this result by putting the Bulgarian portion of the line in the hands of the military. This was resented at Constantinople, but without much reason, for the Government of the Principality cannot allow their train service to be in the hands of a Committee sitting at Constantinople.

There is a good deal of the farcical in the constitutional deadlock in Persia. Notice has been served by registered letter on the foreign consulates in Tabriz to protect the subjects of their respective States during an attack arranged for 24 September. This reminds us of the proceedings in the Cretan insurrection when, it was said, Turks and Christians attacked after serving due notice, so that the party attacked might so far as possible keep under cover. The efforts of England and Russia are now apparently being directed to force the Shah to summon a new Parliament.

These demands he has hitherto evaded, but it would seem that at length he is likely to yield to pressure so far as to call together the Assembly not yet dissolved. A Sovereign as astute as is Abdul Hamid might make something out of the situation, but the Shah seems to have little of a leader's capacity, and it is unfortunate for him that the two Powers who are in a position to apply pressure should be in agreement. His position would be more enviable if he could play England off against Russia and vice versa. According to the "Times" correspondent at Tabriz, what authority the Shah possesses there is dependent upon the employment of professional brigands, which adds a further touch of opéra bouffe.

A fight to a finish is the only description which fits the attitude of both the Transvaal Government and the British Indians. The Registration Amendment Act has this week come into force, and the points on which the Government have modified the original measure do not satisfy the Asiatics. According to Mr. Drummond Chaplin, the Progressives are with Mr. Botha and his colleagues in the action they are taking, but if the whites are united, the Asiatics are determined. The agitation is spreading, and British Indians, not in the Transvaal alone but in India itself, are appealing to the Imperial Government. Mr. Gandhi is coming to England, and Lord Crewe and Lord Morley have their work cut out in trying to reconcile the differences of those whose interests are in the charge of their several departments. The conflict, embittered as it has been by the spirit in which the Transvaal Government took up the question, is unfortunately only another illustration of the loose system we call the British Empire.

The Admiralty have had some difficulty in grasping Mr. Deakin's proposals for an Australian navy. What they amount to apparently is a desire to create a local flotilla which shall be supplementary to the Imperial squadron. The Australians withdraw their contribution to the upkeep of the squadron, in order to spend a larger sum on the maintenance of harbour and coast defence and the construction of torpedo-boat destroyers, submarines and depot ships. These are to form the nucleus of an Australian navy. The tiny flotilla is not to be taken from Australian waters unless Australia consents, though Mr. Deakin is of opinion it would be placed readily under Imperial orders in time of war. That point should be definitely settled. Otherwise the flotilla may be useless from either the Imperial or the Australian point of view. The Admiralty's gentle hint to that effect will no doubt be understood by Mr. Deakin.

Mr. Roosevelt has not taken long to come into the field over Mr. Hearst's charges, and his intervention has of course brought up Mr. Bryan. The firing on all sides is becoming fast and furious, though not always deadly. The President defends Mr. Taft on the ground that he declined to campaign side by side with Senator

Foraker in 1907. This is a hopelessly illogical position, for Mr. Taft was undoubtedly about to do so this year. So lame an excuse shows that the Republicans are hard hit by Mr. Hearst. Governor Haskell says that not he but someone else of the same name had dealings with the Standard Oil Trust, but Mr. Hearst says he has not yet done with Mr. Haskell, so we may assume that there are plenty more revelations to come. Both Democrats and Republicans, in fact, are hard hit, but apart from these scandals the Republican cause seems to be waning in the West, and there is almost a panic among the gold-bugs in New York.

We should say that Newcastle is the hardest hit the Government have had at any election since they came to office. Certainly, to look at Newcastle, one might hardly suppose there were 13,863 people there likely to vote for an absolute, outspoken Conservative like Mr. Renwick. But these are the figures, and they are too big to be explained away. They do show, beyond all reasonable doubt, what Manchester showed lately, that there is a great body of English people alarmed and displeased by the record and plans of the Government; and this body is composed very largely, not of the wealthy and independent classes, but of poorer and struggling people. Why, even if we add the whole of the Socialist's poll to Mr. Shortt's poll, Mr. Renwick is far from overwhelmed. His figures are still immense. Newcastle is enough to cut the heart out of a good many Liberals who have supposed the Licensing Bill to be really a popular measure.

Mr. Renwick was straight as a die in this election. The temptation to be tricky in order to win the seat might have been too much for many a candidate with the entire Irish vote—apparently—to be had for the begging. But Mr. Renwick declared in so many words "The Irish can vote for me if they choose. But I can do without them". The trickster and mere electioneer may call Mr. Renwick incautious for this blunt, bold statement; but people whose judgment is worth anything will know him for a man. Only this week Mr. William Redmond and others have been once more encouraging the cattle-drivers and various lawbreakers. The Unionist candidate cannot go cap in hand and beg favours of those who act thus. It would not be honourable; and what is more, in the end it would not pay.

Mr. Lowther remarked in his speech at Carlisle on the unusual fact that he and his predecessor Lord Selby had both been members for Carlisle. Also unusual is it for two barristers to have been chosen in direct succession to the Speakership. For lawyers, too, there is another interesting reference by Mr. Lowther. Baron Parke, Lord Wensleydale, was his grandfather, and he quoted a letter from him in 1813 describing his first circuit when he visited Carlisle. Mr. Lowther himself also sought briefs at the Carlisle Assizes and Sessions. The reference to the Norman French in which all formal communications take place between the two Houses, and the ancient description of the Speaker as the "Chevalier qui avait les paroles pur les communes d'Angleterre en cet Parlement" also recall that the lawyers were the last to use this black-letter language for professional purposes.

In his list of conspicuous Speakers Mr. Lowther did not include the name of Denison. Denison possibly was not one of the signal successes in the Chair. It has been said that he was wanting a little in the air of superb authority which was Mr. Peel's. Some thought him diffident. Yet out of the House Mr. Speaker Denison could be superb enough. In the hunting-field one day near Ossington the new Master announced that he intended to draw a particular covert. Denison did not approve of this, and on some discussion arising, he turned to the Master and said blandly, "We have employed you, Sir, to hunt these hounds, not to tell us where we shall go and what we shall do". The Master's reply has never been recorded. We believe, as a fact, he took it meekly.

The pension season has begun—with some severity at the London County Council on Tuesday. There are



two noticeable points about the Government pension system, the plenitude of the machinery and the tenuity of the pension. It is impossible to say yet how far the machinery may be used for cutting down the pension; but the election of Mr. C. S. Loch, of the Charity Organisation Society, to the Committee of the London County Council suggests that the Council means to make the most of it for that purpose. As there was no registration of births before 1837, parish registers will be searched by applicants born before that date with the eagerness of a "novus homo" looking for a genealogy. These and the family Bible will become important again until all are dead who were born before the year of Queen Victoria's accession.

The Prisons Commissioners' Report mentions a case of a lad who had been sent to prison ten times in the year, and never for more than seven days. When lads of the very poor classes leave school many of them are left to find catch jobs for themselves, as the parents cannot or do not put them to regular trades. They get into trouble, and the Commissioners adopt a suggestion of Sir Alfred Wills', the distinguished ex-judge, that there should be power to detain them, and put them through useful discipline. The proposal is interestingly like that for detaining professional criminal recidivists.

Germany does what we have not yet started to do. There is a system of apprenticing boys as they leave the elementary schools to useful trades until they reach eighteen. In Munich eighty per cent. of such boys are dealt with in this way. This has been found to have a very good effect in preventing ignorant boys from becoming criminals at an age when boys of the better classes are still under masters and tutors and governors. The only similar thing in England is that known as the Borstal system. It teaches trades to youths in prison for serious offences; and the Borstal Association helps them to employment in good skilled trades when they come out. The Commissioners speak of its success in high terms; and it ought to be at work in connexion with every prison.

As the Lancashire strike is now actually in being, the only hopeful view of the situation is that it may not last long. From the accounts of the festive manner in which the unemployed operatives are using their leisure they appear not to be very apprehensive about the future. A few weeks' stoppage of work is expected to improve prices, and in that case the mills might begin again to run without any reduction of wages. The terms arranged between the employers and the spinners' representatives for the ballot were that the reduction was not to take place until next January. Both parties seem to have had in their minds the possibility of improvement before that date.

This explains why there is very little feeling so far against the card-room workers for holding out and resisting any reduction. They refuse even to submit the question to a second ballot as the spinners did, and it is entirely owing to their action that work is not to be resumed at once. If business does not improve and they continue obdurate, their responsibility will be serious. And yet they may in the meantime be rendering good service to the general body of workers; as to accept the proposed reduction from January next would, under the Brooklands agreement, mean that the operatives were bound for a whole year. What is needed is a sliding scale varying according as current profits rise or sink below an agreed standard. The employers have for long been trying to introduce such a scale, but the operatives have been suspicious though they agree to its principle. It is a very difficult matter to fix in practice, but present troubles may forward the movement.

Just as the cotton strike opens, the seven months' strike of the engineers on the North-East Coast comes to an end. At the worst the cotton strike could hardly last so long; the results would be as disastrous as those of the great cotton famine. The engineers made the fatal mistake of rejecting terms which their own leaders had accepted as fair; and now they have had to submit to terms less favourable. The cotton spinners

have been wiser than the engineers. The carders may prove to have been as foolish. Where is the wisdom of sending expert leaders to bargain with employers if the terms they make are referred to a constituency ignorant of many things their leaders know? The men's representatives should be plenipotentiaries, not mere negotiators. If the terms they make are rejected, the public believe the men are in the wrong.

The people who agitated to have tramways running along the Embankment are beginning to have an uneasy conscience about them. They did not care about spoiling the Embankment as a thoroughfare, and they turned a deaf ear to everything that was said about defacing it as a pleasant promenade. Now they are discovering that it has become one of the most dangerous places in London. Mr. Troutbeck, the coroner, who held an inquest on an old man who was bewildered with the traffic and killed, said it was not a crime to cross the street. But it almost amounts to suicide now to attempt to cross the Embankment. It is no use talking about the way the lines are laid and suggesting means to avoid the dangers. Tramways ought never to have been laid there, and no refuges or anything else can make it safe. The Embankment is now like Macbeth: it is beyond all hope of restoration to its former serenity.

Nothing that happened at the adjourned inquiry into the murder of Mrs. Luard gave any suggestion of further possibilities of discovery. The police admit that they have exhausted their material. It was a natural misunderstanding of what took place last week which gave rise to the belief that at least an arrest would be made. The coroner said he had not intended to hint at this; but considering that the police had up to that time made no charge against any person this wrong impression led to an expectation of important disclosures. All inquiries failed to show a motive for the murder except robbery; and as the missing jewellery was not traced no particular person was indicated.

The coroner expressed the indignation which everyone feels at the letters written to General Luard himself. Communications to the police, though they may be utterly foolish, may sometimes be valuable; but for the writers of such atrocious letters as those sent to General Luard no punishment could be too severe unless their probable lunacy excuses them. And even if they were written with purely malicious cruelty it is doubtful whether the writers commit a legal offence. The same may be said, too, of the letters written to the coroner and the jury; so that the miscreants who made such accusations without a shadow of evidence and even forged the shameful letter which through the news agency deceived the newspapers, could not be punished supposing they could be discovered.

A letter from the Home Office on the case of the girl Daisy Lord explains very satisfactorily what the usual course of procedure is towards this class of offenders. Suffragists who have exploited the girl for their agitation, and feminists and sentimentalists generally should read the letter, and if they can take a reasonable view they will see that the Home Secretary would not be consulting the real interests of the girl herself if she were discharged immediately, as they demand. A course of healthy physical treatment and moral discipline with discharge within three years, if the girl has friends to go to, commends itself to common-sense. It is the best method midway between acquitting a girl of infanticide because the father is not charged with her, and inflicting the punishment which the law formally decrees. There is a hint in the letter of very desirable legislation to prevent death sentences being passed where the usual practice is to commute them.

Very interesting are the excavations now being carried through at Dorchester. The district has long been famous among antiquaries, but Maumbury Rings are almost unexplored ground. An immense area of such ground indeed all over the south of England lies open to the antiquary. Lately we have seen a large quantity of Roman remains, curious and some of them

beautiful in workmanship, which were discovered not long ago not far from the Roman Portway; and we hope to describe them one day. Roman pottery and other remains are without doubt hidden in many places in the south-western counties, where no antiquary has looked for them.

Aviation is an impossible word philologically, but we can hardly say aeroplaning. And there is history in it and a kind of prophecy of what human flying would be like when the fable of Icarus had become a reality. But after the performances of Mr. Wilbur Wright and Mr. Orville Wright on machines which have discarded the bird idea, aviation is a wrong word altogether. These "aviators" are the present record-breakers, and Mr. Wilbur Wright's message to Mr. Orville Wright, now in hospital, as a consolation likely to "buck" him up more than anything, is that the principle of their machines is proved by his Le Mans flight to be the very right one. He was flying over an hour and a half, and could have gone on with his unexhausted petrol and water for twice the time. From London to Brighton would represent the distance. A Marathon aviation race over the Brighton road is clearly indicated in the not remote future.

What exactly are Euston, St. Pancras, and King's Cross about to do with their midnight trains to Scotland? It is somewhat perplexing; for the "Times" says that the companies mean to drop competition and concentrate on one train a night, whereas the "Standard"—which has strong sources of information as to railway enterprise—says that no trains are to be withdrawn. It adds that from 1 November the through train and sleeping-car will be attached to the London and North Western, Midland, and Great Northern trains in turn, instead of being run by each company nightly. There is a great difference in degree—and in the public comfort—between these two plans. We incline to think the plan will work out as the "Standard" suggests. A third paper, the "Daily Express"—which "has links with the railway world"—has been talking about a huge "combine" of the northern lines. Some people we notice are angered at the prospect of having to sit up at night in the railway carriage all the way to Inverness instead of lying down in comfort. But after all ordinary railway carriages were never meant as beds or sofas.

We are amused to see that "Truth" breaks out into poetry over some references we made lately as to the folly of so much modern fiction. "Truth" represents Mr. Meredith, Mr. Hardy, Mr. Kipling, and of course Mr. Hall Caine indignantly protesting against such a charge. Mr. Meredith and Mr. Hardy are obviously outside such a discussion. We all know them for masters. As for Mr. Kipling, he is not thought of as a six-shilling novelist. No one really can reasonably doubt that "the average six-shilling novel" is a poor thing and its eager reader often a poorer. Yet libraries—even public libraries—printers, typewriters, readers, and other powers seem eager to encourage the writers of these books. The latest idea is a prize competition for novelists. The manuscripts sent in to compete, spread on the ground, would cover miles, and the number of words written amount to many millions. It reminds one of the Limerick competition.

It is indeed a thrilling contest that is being waged between Sir Hiram Maxim and Lord Rosslyn over the roulette business. We suppose that if Lord Rosslyn breaks Sir Hiram's bank, half at least the fools in England who think they can make money by gambling will go in for "systems". The real gambling banks at Monte Carlo and elsewhere must be offering up daily prayers for the success of Lord Rosslyn. Obviously, if the bankers were really hit hard by "systems", they would take adequate precaution in a very short time. The gambling banker answers to the bookmaker. These are the two classes in the gambling world who have systems worth the name. We never can understand why young men who want to make money by gambling do not choose the profession of bookmaker instead of that of backer or plunger. Perhaps the loud checks a bookmaker must wear are the deterrent.

#### THE HEARST REVELATIONS.

SINCE Mr. Hearst opened fire at Columbus the excitement of the Presidential Election campaign has vastly increased. Like a row in a Western saloon it began with one bravo discharging a shot and bids fair to end in a general scene of "murky blasphemy and indiscriminate confusion". Up to the present we can confidently record that Senator Foraker is peppered, as also Mr. Haskell, Governor of Oklahoma, though it is early to say whether badly or not. Mr. Roosevelt has now taken the field and is firing with his usual vigour and characteristic lack of perspective. British correspondents find his practice deadly, but it must not be forgotten that Mr. Roosevelt is always judged so favourably by the foreign newspaper men that his opponents get hardly a show of justice. In this matter is clearly shown the grave misfortune of a Chief Magistrate being before all things a partisan, for while Mr. Roosevelt appears almost to ignore the charges against the Republicans he strives to drive home those against Governor Haskell. It may be admitted that some damage may be done to Mr. Bryan through Mr. Haskell, if the latter be proved guilty, for he is not only a close friend of Mr. Bryan but also Chairman of the Platform Committee of the National Democratic Convention and Treasurer of the Democratic Campaign Fund. But, while the Governor stoutly denies Mr. Hearst's impeachment, Mr. Foraker only endeavours to give a more innocent turn to a connexion he does not attempt to deny. Mr. Roosevelt in his turn defends Mr. Taft by producing a letter written last year in which that gentleman indicates his aversion from Senator Foraker; but this is a singularly ineffective stroke, for, whatever Mr. Taft may have felt last year, he was undoubtedly eager this year to get the Senator on his platform, and it must be remembered that Senator Foraker is no unimportant member of the party, for he twice acted as nominee of President McKinley at the Republican Convention.

Nobody believes that Mr. Hearst will be able to touch the character of Mr. Bryan himself, but it is reasonable to suppose that he may so far injure the Democrats as to make people doubt whether they will prove more efficient in combating the Trusts than the Republicans have been. As for them, Mr. Hearst tells us that he has by no means done with them yet; there is plenty more ammunition in his magazine which he will discharge at the proper time. He is in fact treating the Republicans as some gallant sons of the South have treated negroes preliminary to lynching them. He plants occasional shots from time to time in non-vital spots before delivering the final coup de grâce. This method of procedure must make the staunch Republican's reading of his morning paper a "palpitating" experience. Nothing more ingenious could have been engineered for increasing the already fabulous circulation of the Yellow Press, and this deliberate method of exposure prevents the accusations losing their effect or being obscured by other and subsequent issues.

Hitherto Mr. Taft has been lying very low and allowing others to work for him. Indeed, if the President is to take a hand in the campaign the candidate can hardly play first fiddle, but there are grave complaints already of the apathy exhibited by the Republican managers, and it is said that the campaign fund is lamentably small. The reply on behalf of the usual subscribers is that Mr. Roosevelt's indiscriminate attacks on all the great business combinations of the country render it impossible for them to fill the war chest of the Republicans as they have always done before. We doubt if in the end the Trusts will not come to the conclusion that they have more to fear from Mr. Bryan than from Mr. Taft; the Democrats at all events are likely to deal less tenderly with the Tariff.

Up to the present it cannot be doubted that the campaign is shaping more favourably for Mr. Bryan than was at first believed possible. It is said that the West threatens to "slide" heavily in his direction and New York business circles are proportionately alarmed. Mr. Bryan himself undoubtedly carries heavier guns than Mr. Taft, but the Republican can count on the invaluable assistance of Mr. Roosevelt, who is still by far the most popular figure in the country. But



he is not the candidate, which in the end makes a great deal of difference, and Mr. Bryan, during the last few years, has lost no opportunity of impressing himself upon the popular imagination. He has at all events so far succeeded as to remove a great deal of the distrust which at one time surrounded him. Trustworthy observers assert that large bodies of voters, who do not intend to vote Democrat, admit that Mr. Bryan's victory would not work any real injury to the business interests of the country. To have reached that stage is no small tribute to the success of Mr. Bryan's efforts to make up ground lost by the Free Silver policy. Another point which must not be forgotten is that, while Mr. Bryan's policy has become more sober, the country at large has greatly advanced in the direction of Radicalism, and many reforms which scared people when proposed by him ten years ago are now commonplaces accepted by both sides.

The attitude of the Labour Party is very difficult to gauge. After the rival "platforms" had been given to the world, Mr. Gompers, the President of the American Federation of Labour, declared that Labour would support Mr. Bryan, for his platform was more favourable to its interest than Mr. Taft's; but it is more than doubtful if Mr. Gompers has any claim to speak for Labour in the mass throughout the States. We have as yet not seen any development there of a Labour political party as in England; members of the Federation have voted for or against particular candidates as they thought best in their own interest. We have really no means of knowing at present whether Mr. Gompers spoke even for any considerable section of his nominal followers. If he did, then of course Mr. Bryan's chances are much more brilliant than the world held them at first.

It is not easier to form a right judgment on the exact amount of injury that Mr. Hearst's intervention will inflict on each party, but he has certainly no desire to benefit Mr. Bryan, whom he has denounced as a mere machine politician who has thrown over all his early ideals. It must not be forgotten that Mr. Hearst's own party, the Independent League, are running a Presidential candidate of their own, one Mr. Hisgen. He has of course not the slightest chance of being elected, but his candidature may rob the Democrats of some essential votes, it is likely indeed to damage them more than the Republicans. Mr. Hearst will not mind this, his main object is to sell his papers and inflict as much damage as he can incidentally. His revelations regarding the connexion of leading politicians on both sides with the Standard Oil Trust will receive point from the recent decision of the Court of Federal Appeals to reverse the judgment of the Judge of First Instance fining the Trust twenty-nine million dollars. It is commonly reported that the effect of the decision had been allowed to leak out, so that directors of that unpopular combination, already fabulously rich, have become much richer by buying up their own shares beforehand, when the result was supposed by outsiders to be in suspense, and reselling them after the result of the appeal became public property. If this be so, public distrust will not be confined to the politicians, but will extend to the judiciary. Unfortunately, with the best intentions, Mr. Roosevelt, after all his denunciations and threats, has succeeded in doing very little to limit the power of the Trusts, and this may lead the country to give Mr. Bryan a chance as one less fettered by association with great commercial interests.

#### MANŒUVRES AND MEN.

REALISM in manœuvres has always been aimed at, but few manœuvres have hitherto achieved this ideal. It is however safe to say that the operations in Hampshire have more nearly succeeded in attaining this end than any of their numerous and more ambitious predecessors. As a rule the general and special ideas are framed primarily with the object of suiting the ground, and in the main they are often complicated and unlikely. Moreover they usually take place over districts which, like Salisbury Plain and the Fox Hills at Aldershot, are in no way typical of the country we should have to fight in if we should ever again see an

enemy on our shores. The features of the country selected on this occasion were typical of England as a whole—thickly enclosed, with numerous villages scattered about, in fact just the kind of country we might have to fight in. A refreshing feature of the whole business too was the entire absence of advertisement in the press. The whole plan was kept secret till the last moment, and the press correspondents appear to have been discouraged in their endeavours to "boom" the enterprise. This, at any rate, is in marked contrast with what takes place in a neighbouring command, the doings of which are recorded at great length and the sayings of the general officer commanding heralded forth in florid colours. Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien is built in a different mould from that of some of his brother generals. Unlike certain other of our leading soldiers, he has risen to the top of the tree solely by his own merits, with no powerful friends to help him on. That he is a good commander in the field he has already shown on active service, and now that he has risen to a high command he has proved that he is endowed with sound common-sense and is in every way fitted to preside over Aldershot. It is generally admitted by those who took part in the manœuvres under his direction that they were quite the best they have ever witnessed, and their success is shown by the great interest which all displayed. The scheme was a simple and likely one, which could easily be understood by all concerned, with the result that the rank and file did not get bored.

The bearing and behaviour of the men were excellent. They were in the best of condition, and marched well; and it is gratifying to hear of men playing football after a very hard day's work. Indeed the British soldier has never been better than he is to-day—if we only had more of him. According to those who followed their manœuvres, the same can hardly be said of the Germans. As a machine, and as regards the organisation, transport and system of the German army, it is admitted that perfection has well-nigh been attained. But the tactics pursued would seem to show that no great confidence in the men is entertained. The formations adopted are still those which proved so successful in 1866 and 1870. Dense masses of men still advance to attack entrenched positions just as they did when arms of precision were not nearly so powerful and effective as they are to-day. Possibly the Germans are right, but in any case their losses in real warfare would be appalling. It is contended that these masses of men give confidence, and certainly it would be difficult for those in front not to go on. But whether the morale of the men would be affected by the tremendous losses they would inevitably suffer is a question which only the arbitrament of war can solve. It is possible that we have gone to the other extreme, and that the lessons of South Africa were to a large extent fallacious. At any rate it is a fair comment on the very wide extensions employed by Lord Roberts that they rarely led to decisive success. The Boers on almost every occasion were driven out of their positions, but they were not shaken, and few decisive local results were obtained. They retired to take up other positions, and that they were not seriously shaken is proved by the effective manner in which they were able later to carry on a guerilla warfare for nearly two years. It seems now to be recognised both at home and in India that a happy medium between the wide extensions utilised in South Africa and the close formations employed elsewhere is the goal to be aimed at; and in this respect it is to be hoped that we are in advance of the Germans. We should however guard against delusions on this point. It is absurd to suppose that by relying on the morale and the initiative of our men we can counterbalance a deplorable lack of troops. Owing to a lengthier period of service our troops may be better trained, and may surpass in physique their Continental contemporaries. But where numbers are in question there is a limit to such aspirations.

It is noticeable that this year a very large sum of money must have been expended on manœuvres, a proceeding which certainly redounds to the credit of the Government. We wish we could believe that these endeavours towards readiness for war were as sincere on the part of the Government as they undoubtedly

are on the part of the Secretary of State for War. But they fit in very badly with the destructive policy which has so far been pursued as to the strength and establishment of the regular army. The holding of extensive manœuvres is a matter which the press is only too ready to advertise gratuitously, especially in August and September, when copy is usually scarce. The effect, however, on the public is somewhat misleading. The vital fact that our regular army has been so largely cut down is apt to be forgotten in the pæans of praise which are being showered on the units of decreased strength which survive. It is cheaper to disband units and to cut down establishments than to hold manœuvres with those that remain; and the former expedient is more pertinently brought to the attention of the public than the more sinister, though more far-reaching, one of possessing too few men for the needs of the Empire. The holding of manœuvres on an extensive scale must of course make for good, but the whole business savours too much of compromise for us to render to the Government, in view of their previous military or anti-military achievements, the unstinted praise we should otherwise have awarded them. We cannot forget the large reduction which has been made in the regular army, nor the loss of the fine battalions which were disbanded at the clamour of the extremists, a course of action which was especially indefensible because at the same time the auxiliary forces were cast into the melting pot, and no one can yet tell how they will emerge.

#### THE NEW ARBITRATION.

THE scheme of arbitration procedure by the Board of Trade came as no surprise to the industrial world, though the precise form laid down was bound to create much difference of opinion. Under the Conciliation Act the Board has power to intervene only with the consent of both parties to the dispute, and though intervention has been increasingly sought of late years, it is an open secret that the personal qualities of the arbitrators appointed have proved by far the most potent factor in making the Act of practical value. The Board has evidently halted between two opinions. On the one hand the old procedure might have been continued, and the increasing requests for its application certainly seem to justify existing conditions. This position, however, threatened at no distant date to become difficult. Without doubt the settlement of several important and complicated disputes proved a strong inducement to other masters and workers to seek the Board's aid, but however keenly one may advocate the value of arbitration it cannot be lost sight of that much of the success attained was frequently due to the nature of the court, rather than to any general acceptance of a principle. Ordinarily the special qualities requisite for success in an arbitrator are sparingly bestowed, and the Board was bound to face the fact that tact, discretion, and technical knowledge combined would not be available at call in perpetuity. A time must come when the appointment of individuals whose personal qualities prove unsuitable for their work will bring official intervention into discredit and unpopularity: indeed we have good reason for believing that recently all cases have not gone as smoothly as they might. During the last few years the Board has had a call on the services of several highly efficient and tried arbitrators, and, as a rule, quite acceptable to those whose disputes they have to settle. But there is no certainty that such services will be available always; and it is necessary to look further ahead than the official lives of existing individuals. This the Board has done by adopting the only alternative open to it—decentralisation, with the initiative, as now, remaining in the hands of the disputants, and the control in the Board of Trade. Three panels are to be set up. The first will contain a number of well-known public men, one of whom will be nominated ad hoc to act as chairman over a temporary board composed of two representatives from each of the remaining panels, chosen in their turn from masters and men. In no case will the board consist of persons directly interested in the

particular dispute in question, though naturally other members of the industry concerned will be chosen. This means eventually, if the new scheme is to achieve any reasonable measure of success, a legal as well as a practical recognition of employers' federations and trade unions, and in face of the recent Trades Disputes Act we fail to see how any arbitration board can enforce its decisions unless capital and labour combinations are clothed with enough legal personality to compel them to carry out any conditions a court of arbitration may impose. In time, too, if the scheme ever takes well hold of the industrial world, the effect will be to drive every individual, whether master or man, into some kind of co-operative combination. In theory the arbitrator in an industrial dispute settles that alone; in practice, if the dispute has been of any magnitude, no permanent settlement is ever reached unless all those engaged in the trade also adopt his ruling for their future conduct.

Two features in the scheme are new, but both we think of value. Employers and employed are each to send two representatives. This rule most affects the men, who frequently are very jealous of their leaders, and were only one of these to be appointed his better judgment might well be outweighed by fear of personal consequences if he supported some arrangement in the teeth of popular prejudice. Two Union leaders acting in concert will have not only a stronger position with their followers, but a better chance against the employers. The suggested appointment of assessors to help the Court with expert advice seems calculated to complicate procedure needlessly. Those actually engaged in a trade must know its ins and outs better than any outsiders, however expert, and we fail to understand why, if any technical evidence should be required, it cannot be got from the ordinary witnesses of either side—especially as little of it is likely to be controversial or conflicting.

The scheme is silent in one important particular; no provision is made for legal representation, and, consequently, we suppose it is not to be allowed. On the whole this omission works strongly against the unions, as though there are many Labour members of Parliament, their ability is not of a high average, while employers never have any difficulty in securing from among the officials of their federations men whose skill in industrial controversy is on a par with that of our best-known advocates.

It is some advance that arbitration work will be properly remunerated under this new scheme, for fees have been inadequate enough in the past. But is it quite fair that the State should pay for the settlement of business disputes and yet continue to exact judicial fees from private individuals? The fear of costs often causes quick settlement of private disputes. Law is to be cheap for the industrial world, and, still more curious, if either side dislike the decision there is no compulsion to obey it, as unions can neither sue nor be sued for damages arising out of a trade dispute!

In effect the new scheme will alter matters very little. The Board of Trade appoints the public man as chairman instead of a mind trained to arbitration work, while the representatives of masters and men are simply the advocates of their causes. In the absence of compulsion the success of every arbitration depends mainly on the personality of the arbitrator, and in this respect the Board of Trade has simply changed one man for another. Change of law there is none, and of practice there will be very little. The scheme, the Board of Trade announces, needs no change of law to bring it into operation. It is some satisfaction that if unsuccessful it can be dropped as easily as it has been started.

#### UNQUIET LONDON.

THE man who can be hopeful about abolishing, or even diminishing, the noises of London would be sanguine about muffling the "crack of doom". Yet there are enthusiasts who still dream of the possibility, and they have formed themselves into a society which they call the Betterment of London Association. For the betterment of London a good many collected enthusiasms are necessary; but the Committee for the



Abatement of Street Noises is that branch of the society which is in charge of the apparently hopeless undertaking. It would be almost a crime to say a word to discourage it, and we will go so far as to admit that it is about the only thing in London we would like to hear making more noise than it does. We do not know how long it has been in existence, but we seem to remember something about its founding in the far-away past when we ourselves were declaiming against the outrageous noises of London, and indulged the fancy that something like peace might be restored to her streets. Perhaps it is not so long ago after all, for we understand that the society has "since its establishment" received about thirty thousand complaints and protests respecting street noises, and it cannot have taken long for so few complaints and protests as that to accumulate in London. One householder in almost any street could make out a list to this extent within a year if he thought it worth the trouble. But whether the society has been a long or a short time in existence it has not, so far as the householder is aware, made it in the least degree more helpful for him to make complaints than to keep his despair to himself. We are not blaming the society. It is no doubt doing all it can. But how little this possible is may be judged by what it is planning to do now. We have received a petition that the society purposes to send to the Prime Minister. Mr. Asquith's attention is drawn to the fact that the street noises of the metropolis have of late years very greatly increased. This is an admission that the society's efforts have been in vain. The petition asserts that these noises cause considerable depreciation to property, injury to health, and general inconvenience. With these premises we agree. But what prospect is there of redress if we can only respectfully request the Prime Minister to give facilities for the early introduction of a Bill that will serve to remedy the serious evils long complained of by a large proportion of the inhabitants of London?

New legislation indeed! What can legislation do for instance in the three worst examples of the noise nuisance in London—dogs, cats, fowls by night or early morning? Doctors and health cranks tell us we should always have bedroom windows open through the night. For deaf people the advice is good: for others it is impracticable. They must choose between the dilemma of nervous prostration through sleeplessness, or suffocation by closing up windows and curtains and burying their heads beneath the bed-clothes. The law does not recognise the existence of cats; but in the case of dogs and fowls, by petitioning your neighbours you may succeed—more probably you won't—in getting them to join in issuing a summons against the owners. This is no doubt one of the instances that show, as the society says, that the law is feeble and foolish. The law ought, it holds, to be enforced by the police. But has any member of the society ever tried to induce a policeman in the street to identify the house where the howling dog or the crowing cock at the back is keeping its vigil? There must be some evidence before a magistrate can make an order; and if one neighbour is disturbed half-a-dozen others will swear they never hear anything. And this appears to be quite true; for Providence has so ordered it that one poor soul must bear the whole weary weight of his neighbourhood; the rest being as indifferent to this as to most other public evils. If we could have a law to make all people equally sensitive and bad sleepers, what a peaceable London by night we might have!

Unless the society can promise us sound sleep by night as well as quiet by day—Pope's idea and ours of the life of the happy man—the programme of the society leaves us cold. It passes by the night without observation. Does it recognise the hopelessness of the effort to procure us quiet when we most want and need it? It concentrates on street-organs, coal-hawkers, costermongers, news-boys, motor-omnibuses, and traction-engines. We are not going to plead for the retention of any of these on the ground that they add to the amenities of the metropolis. And it is not a defence of them to say that they are noises that one can get accustomed to. They are not like the

noises of the night. The doctors say the day-noise wears us down without our knowing it: and this is like dying under an anæsthetic: whilst noise by night kills us by slow torture. A creaking window, the source of whose agony we cannot discover, may do us more conscious harm than the noise of all the motors from the Bank to Shepherd's Bush. We presume the society would admit the futility of legislation against the creaking window, and some other instances which each sleepless wight will recall from his own experiences. The fact that the society yearns for the co-operation of the public in its attempt to put down the noises which it selects for legislative treatment seems to bear out the contention that in general the public is as insusceptible to noises by day as it is by night. For long years, since steam put an end to the quiet of the world, we have been inoculated to resist noise. It is in vain to ask for public co-operation in putting down the whizz of the trams, or the rattle of the tube railway, or the bumping and thunder of the motor-omnibus, when the noise cannot be abolished without abolishing most of the everyday conveniences of modern life. There would be less noise if all these automobiles were restricted in their speed, but we all like the speed and insist on it, and we have to take the noise with the speed. The public are quite powerless to co-operate to any effect. If they had united to resist the introduction of motors on the streets until they all ran as smoothly as an electric brougham or a thousand-pounds motor-car, the cry of strangling infant industries would have broken down their resistance. Besides, everybody was curious to know what the new things could do, and too impatient to wait until all the possible inventions had been made for withstanding shock to the auditory nerves.

No! the idea that the co-operation of the public can do anything to diminish the heavier noises of London will have to be relinquished as a dream. As to the sporadic noises of street-organs, coal-hawkers, costermongers and newsboys, they are really survivals from the quiet period before the present overwhelmingly noisy era began. They will die out when they are no longer wanted. A street where a dozen coal-hawkers succeed one another and raucously cry out could be supplied by one conveyance if the coal-dealers amalgamated, as the railway companies are doing, or if there were a municipal coal depot. When the organ-grinder collects no more pennies in the slums than he does in the middle-class streets his machine will disappear. We will not attempt to forecast the future of the costermonger and the newsboy. Perhaps a little stricter police administration may be effectual for them. But at the best let us not delude ourselves with the possibility of a quiet London. Those of us who survive will transmit our callous nervous system to our descendants until the race becomes absolutely impervious to noise. For the present transition state an invention for the ears which would deaden all sound would lighten our burden, but any aurist will tell you he cannot supply it. If he could, the inventor would make a fortune.

#### THE CITY.

ALL those whose opinion is worth anything are agreed that the Stock Exchange is in a more healthy condition than it has been for many years. The morbid despondency which has been prevalent for so long has given place to a calm and rational optimism. There is nothing in the nature of reckless speculation, though there is just enough stock being carried speculatively to steady the market. It is true that there has been a sharp fall in American railway shares, caused by the inevitable rumour that Mr. Bryan was making headway in the Western States of the Union. It would be strange indeed if within six weeks of the Presidential Election, which takes place on 4 November, somebody did not assert that Mr. Bryan and the Democrats were going to win. We do not believe that Mr. Bryan is going to win, or even poll as many votes as he did four years ago. A large number of the foreign naturalised citizens, who always vote for the Democrats, have left the United States for Italy and Germany, owing to the slump. Even if Mr. Bryan did win, the effect on the market would not be permanent,

though it would produce an immediate slump, because Mr. Bryan, no more than Mr. Roosevelt, will not do anything to disturb the commercial system of the United States. We never advise anyone to buy American rails or to sell them speculatively, for reasons which we have often given. The market in Wall Street will go up and down sharply for the next six weeks, and for those who like that kind of excitement will afford many opportunities of getting in and out with a profit, or a loss, as the case maybe. We would merely advise those who have bought Soo Common (Minneapolis, S. Paul and Sault S. Marie) not to part with their shares because they have fallen from 127 to 122. They have declined with the rest of the market, but they now pay dividends at the rate of 6 per cent., and the railway is doing so exceptionally well that the rate may be increased in the spring. The new shares of the Buenos Ayres and Pacific are quoted at 5s. premium for special settlement, and are certainly worth buying, as it is only a premium of 2½, while the ordinary stock is quoted at 116, or ex div. 113. The heart has been taken out of speculators in the Argentine market by the repeated issues of new capital by this company; but when once the new shares have been firmly lodged it would not surprise us to see the prices of the leading railway shares rise, unless indeed there are more issues forthcoming.

The Kafir market has been remarkably firm. There is nothing like a boom, but the sound dividend-payers maintain their advances, which is a great thing. When once the public realise that they can invest their money at 8 and 10 per cent. without seeing their capital reduced 30 or 40 per cent. in the market (which has been the fate of South African shareholders for the last two or three years), a substantial and all-round appreciation of values must take place. We do not know what Lord Harris may have in store for the shareholders of the Consolidated Gold Fields next month. These shares have always been popular favourites, and in our opinion over-valued. They are nearly 5 now, and as their last dividend was only 12 per cent., they are too high, even if they pay 25 per cent. for the present year. East Rands, which pay 45 per cent., are only 4½ in the market, and are too low; they ought to stand at least at 5½ or 6. Nothing except the issue of new shares has prevented Apex from rising. The Apex Company is almost certain to be amalgamated with the Van Dyk, and we expect to see them several pounds higher. Knight's (officially called the Witwatersrand Gold Mining Company) and Simmer and Jack Proprietary are good shares to buy. They are very steady at present, and are bound to improve.

No trade has suffered more than that of shipbuilding. For the first time for seventy-two years, so Sir Charles McLaren informed his shareholders, Palmer's Shipbuilding Company has to own a loss of £58,631 on the year's trade. Cammell, Laird and Co. have also to confess a loss on contracts of over £77,000, with a debit balance of £14,000 odd on the year, in consequence of which the payment of dividend on the preference shares is postponed. For the present, at all events, it would be well for the investor and the speculator to leave Home rails and British industrials severely alone. The strike of the cotton operatives, though it affects the collieries as well, has not yet produced any impression on the Stock Exchange.

#### THE IRISH LAND MUDDLE.

BY "PAT".

SHOULD we have a slump in butter, or in any other market, the sellers asking more than the buyers will give, there is an immediate remedy, that those who want butter may have it, and that those who want money for it may have money. The final purpose of production is to satisfy appetites, and it is plainly wrong to have the appetites unsatisfied and the stuff ready.

The Government steps in, and, out of taxation, pays the difference between the buyers and the sellers, after which the market goes more merrily than before the slump, so that it "pays" even to have a slump. The Government does more. In the terms of the scheme,

when a fellow turns up who, having drunk his butter money, cannot buy butter at any price, the Government buys it for him also, which benefits the public-houses as well as the butter trade, because the man who gets his butter from the Government can drink his butter money always.

Another attraction of the remedy is that when the Government undertakes to meet the market differences the sellers ask still more, and the buyers offer still less, in fact, conspiring to make the Government pay as much as possible for the joint benefit of buyers and sellers. In this way, in the long run, the seller gets more than his stuff is worth, and the buyer pays less; and as everybody is either a buyer or a seller, it follows that everybody is benefited, which means national progress, and shows the importance of training up your Governments in the way they should go, so that when they are old they shall not depart from it.

The thing is not yet done exactly in butter, but it is done in a commodity of more importance, and the circumstantial intimacy of the preceding paragraphs would be impossible without direct and prolonged experience of the process, which is at all points exactly as explained. Socialism goes only so far as to call on Government to supply commodities at market value, and not at less; but the present Government have said that they were better than socialism, and who shall doubt it in face of the facts? There is not one of the facts that is not at work in the Irish land market.

The new fashion in Exchange has already been at work long enough to produce its own particular difficulties. Where an Irish landlord sells £100 worth of land, at the newly invented rate, the Government gives him a document with £100 printed as its face value; but when he offers this for cash he can get only £89 for it, as if the investing public meant to discount it by the amount of its artificial margin, even backed by the credit of the State. The investing public is a weird creature, who finds his way through the most crooked places as if by an occult instinct inoperative except in financial affairs.

The deficit on the total bill of sale must be over £10,000,000, some say much more, and the State must produce it, directly from the British taxpayer, if not indirectly from the Irish County Councils. This is only a kind of afterthought, but in addition to the £10,000,000 there is that "Bonus" of twelve millions provided beforehand by the Act itself to lubricate the newly invented mechanism of the land market, making a total of at the very least twenty-two millions to which the State stands already committed for differences between buyers and sellers. The Bonus was calculated to meet all such differences, but the land market now reveals the margin practically doubled, and tending automatically upward, with every inducement encouraged by statute for buyers and sellers to make the difference as large as possible, so long as the State is bound to meet it. Apart from the statutory inducements to multiply the market difference, the more fee simple is sold to tenants the higher tends the market value of the land unsold, with relatively increased numbers of buyers for a rapidly diminishing commodity, which, by its nature, cannot possibly be enlarged to meet increased demand as in the case of other commodities. I pointed out this automatic tendency to defeat itself in Mr. Wyndham's measure even before it was discussed in Parliament; but the economist has always been carefully excluded from Irish agrarian affairs, and now the chicken from that small egg of my discovering has become such a robust and noisy rooster as to cause sleepless nights in the legislative household, with grey men ready to tear any hair left on their weary heads by this intrinsically interminable land problem of Ireland, which can never by any means be solved so long as considerations of efficiency in occupation are ignored. The newly created fee simple for peasants has already begun returning to prairie, and it must continue as long as capital in grass and cattle can make more of the soil than peasants without either capital or knowledge. The publican agitator is on the one hand destroying the property of the present owner in the soil, and on the other buying back fee simple from his dupes to extend grazing, while tillage and population fall year by year as rapidly as Land Purchase increases.



The rest of the purchase-money may or may not come back to the State in the peasants' annuities, and it is as easy to agitate against English claims for instalments as against Irish claims for rent; but the millions of margin can never come back, being a gift from the State to a class—on the ground that the class is incapable of its own business. Socialism merely postulates that the State should own the land; and here we have the State paying £22,000,000 for land, but not getting a sod. Besides, Socialism does not postulate an impost on the capable to subsidise incapacity in the social organism. If the State rightly pay for land and not get it, the State cannot wrongly pay for land and get it, so that the Irish scheme differs from Socialism in being ultra-socialistic. No Fabian Essayist has ever advocated anything so silly.

Anticipating such a deficit, but not such a paralysing one, the Act applied an existing Irish surplus, "the Development Grant", to meet it, putting into the agrarian gamble the money that was to "develop" Ireland. The Act also secured its deficit against the income of the County Councils, and these having refused to meet their bonds the Treasury has held back the usual Local Government subventions. The letter of the Act, with its discredited paper, would require an average of over a quarter of a million sterling from every County Council in Ireland, which would mean general bankruptcy in Irish Local Government, not to mention railway and telegraph guarantees that are already dislocating county finance for no return to compensate the cost. Some of the County Councils are near bankruptcy now, and that of Mayo cannot tell whether it is bankrupt or not, because the Local Government auditors cannot make an account from the local figures. The local figures are produced by gentlemen appointed as politicians and not for considerations of accountancy, just as men are elected to Parliament who are incapable to foresee such a simple certainty as the inability of local credit to guarantee deficits on an imperial scope. How are these deficits to be met?

Committees and councils have sat and considered. Private men of the highest ability have offered suggestions. Treasury experts have tried to find a way, and all alike have failed. This financing of Socialism with all its vices and none of its virtues is new to the British Treasury; and the Chancellor of the Exchequer finds himself in the novel position of having to frank a bargain which his Government cannot control. He can rely on his Irish allies to terrorise owners into selling and "make the Act a success" by cow-hunting and shooting into people's houses; but then, the terrorism which forces a man to sell his land and make the Act work naturally depresses the security in the land, in spite of State credit. Here comes another of the hitherto unprecedented difficulties; the terrorism employed to make the Act "a success" combines with the suspicions of an artificial market to bring Land Stock 11 per cent. below par, in spite of British State credit, the most secure in the world. Without terrorism, an owner might please himself about selling; with terrorism, he must sell, but down goes the security, and up goes the deficit. The automatic check action has put the brake on the coach of State in the middle of the financial mud-heap, and the world looks on at the spectacle. The coachman looks for orders, but no one knows what to do.

The County Councils consist of the leading local terrorists, and if they were made to pay for their results how could they go on cultivating terror for the success of the "Government policy"? Hence the need to shift the price of terror from the Irish County Council to the British taxpayer, who never pays to remove an Irish grievance without having several more expensive grievances invented to make him pay more.

Let us consider a concrete example of crime encouraged for the successful administration of the law. Two years ago Mr. Charles O'Connor Kelly, of Churchfield, co. Mayo, had a bit of land to sell, in the congested districts. The Congested Districts Board had the legal right to consent or object to a buyer in this case, and no buyer could get title without the Board's consent. The Board itself wanted to buy Mr. Kelly's land, and raised difficulties against any other buyer. When independent buyers came to see the land, they were warned

off by local terrorists, who preferred the Board for buyer, at the lowest possible price, as they expected to get the land afterwards from the Board on the same basis. Dissatisfied with his land market, Mr. Kelly tried to hold on, and then the League, as if in conspiracy with the Board, boycotted the land. Mr. Kelly offered to divide the area for sale, in any size of plots the Board might approve, and wrote his offer to the Board, but that also was refused. Driven to this last stage, with his right to an open market practically abolished, he sold to the Board at their own price, after having been harassed for years in the most cruel manner between the Board and its terrorist allies. The facts are from Mr. Kelly himself, but independently verified.

Thus while we have one set of forces at work to raise the price of land, and get the utmost in differences from the State, we have another set of forces at work to lower the price of land by the most savage methods against the security of property in it; and while we have one department of the State occupied in securing peace, we have another department of the State taking advantage of crime in the execution of its own statutory functions, which, in many cases, must remain quite inoperative without the crime necessary to their success. The Board could never have got Mr. Kelly's land at the price without the crime employed to force his surrender, and this is but one of countless cases in which crime has been employed in the interests of the Congested Districts Board to make an Act of Parliament workable.

The Irish will not elect to Parliament anyone capable to understand their interests. If a man tell them pleasant lies, they send him to Parliament; if a man tell them necessary truths, they stone him. Meantime, Parliament proceeds on the practice of accepting the policy from those whom the Irish elect, with the result that crime becomes necessary to the administration of the law. Indeed, the whole land system of Ireland is a huge statutory concession to crime; and, as might be expected, even the criminal is worse than before, while the other classes are largely ruined. Well, if the Irish must make themselves for ever a nuisance to their neighbours, then, let them go to ruin, and it is much better to have them go to ruin in their own way, "according to Irish ideas". British statesmen cannot admit it in so many words, but that is their only workable outlook in the situation permanently sustained by the Irish themselves.

It appears that the Government must go through with the land business, and in that case, who finds the additional money? The matter must be again before Parliament immediately, and the Irish County Councils cannot meet their obligations under the Act. People have tried to play tricks with Land Stock to raise its price, but the investing public remain cool towards an investment that comes into the stock market through organised crime. Nationalist leaders, trying to disguise the effect of their crimes in depressing the market value of the stock, argue first that its fall is "in sympathy with Consols", and then propose that it be incorporated with Consols to prevent it falling! As the imperial funds go at present, the rate of interest on Irish Land Stock, considerably higher than that on Consols, ought to put the market price over par instead of being at 89, despite its higher rate of interest and its backing of State credit. No Stock Exchange manoeuvre can meet such a big muddle, and the money must be found or land purchase stopped. It stands to cost the British heavily, and the only apparent return to the British is the completer ruin of the Irish, who sink nearer to ruin every day in proportion as they neglect the use of the land to fight over property in it.

Short of the British taxpayer forking out again, and perhaps yet again, the only workable alternative is to let the State remain joint owner of the Irish land in the proportion of its total contribution, including bonus and deficits. An arrangement of this kind would be less socialistic than what is done now, and with a veto on the efficiency of occupation reserved to the State, in respect of its share in the ownership, a new and more hopeful order of things might become possible in agrarian Ireland.

## "THE CORSICAN BROTHERS."

BY MAX BEERBOHM.

I HAD never seen this play, and had supposed it would appeal only to the antiquarian in me, and was surprised to find the simple playgoer in me really thrilled by it.

Not that it didn't delight me as a curiosity, too. In the sophisticated modern mode of dramatic exposition, derived by us from Ibsen, our old friend "the confidant" has no place; and for that old friend I have a sneaking kindness. He always touched me, with his humility, his utter selflessness, his inexhaustible capacity for framing apt questions and drinking in the answers with a look of dog-like devotion. He never thrust himself forward, never was there when he wasn't wanted, but, when he *was* wanted—and with what sweet frequency he *was*!—instantly he turned up with a string of his invaluable questions, and stood at 'tention to be tapped on the chest by the hero, his hero, as often as need be, and never moved a muscle of his devoted face lest our attention should be distracted to himself. Each of the Corsican Brothers is a hero, and to each of them is attached a confidant of the deepest dye. Fabien dei Franchi owns M. le Baron de Montgiron. To Louis dei Franchi belongs M. le Baron Martelli. To which nobleman the palm? One might as well hope to discriminate the characters of their twin masters. Enough that they are both perfect. When the ghost of slain Louis appears to Fabien at the end of the play, "Farewell, dear brother", says Fabien, "we shall meet again". Fabien can afford to wait, I daresay, as being himself a living souvenir of the departed. But how about poor M. le Baron Martelli? What is become of *him*? Let us hope Fabien takes him on as joint-confidant with M. le Baron de Montgiron. But this would be rather hard on Montgiron, that faithful soul. So let us hope Martelli blows out his brains and goes to join Louis in heaven, there to ask such questions as are necessary to the angels' understanding of who and what on earth Louis on earth was. . . . "Tell me, Louis! When first, as a child, you felt within your breast the chords of that mysterious affinity for your twin-brother which you have just explained to me, was there vouchsafed to you a premonition of your own untimely doom?" But no, I cannot hope to imitate the manner of the dialogue in "The Corsican Brothers". Such dialogue is a lost art—lost to all of us save Mr. Pinero alone. "Be generous enough to call my carriage, and permit me to depart!" cries Mme. Emilie de Lesparre to M. de Chateau Renaud. The true Pinero touch there! But, whereas in Mr. Pinero's plays this kind of lingo is vexatious, and we feel it our duty to try and break Mr. Pinero of it, in "The Corsican Brothers" it has an agreeable quaintness, the aroma of a past age—an age for which we are not responsible. Of course, human beings never talked like that; but that *was* how the dramatists used to write, thirty years or so ago; and we are interested and touched, even as by the costumes of the persons of the play. Mr. Martin Harvey is never perfunctory about the costumes in his productions. He always seems to have procured some good artist to design them. And in "The Corsican Brothers", so soon as the venue shifts from Corsica to Paris, we have a really good presentment of the fashions of 1830—that most amusing of all periods. The scene of the Foyer de l'Opéra is a perfect realisation of Gavarni, with just that romantic pathos that Gavarni has for us. But come! I am writing as though I had not been thrilled by the play itself.

Melodramas about modern English life don't thrill me, because they don't illude me. But how should I be sceptical about anything in regard to Corsica and 1830? I could believe anything of the ladies and gentlemen in Gavarni's drawings. And as for Corsica, she is in herself notoriously melodramatic. Vendettas apart, did she not give us Napoleon? How should I reject the Franchi twins? Their mother, sweetly solicitous for their credibility, says twice in the course of the first act "In Corsica we are still in the sixteenth century". Never mind the sixteenth century, madam: Corsica's enough for me. And have no fear, madam, that I

shall doubt the extraordinary powers of mutual telepathy said to be possessed by your two fine sons. When Sir Henry Irving produced the play, doubtless there were many who said that such powers could never have existed even in Corsica. In the middle-Victorian era telepathy was regarded as a silly superstition. In all ages, presumably, there have been cases of telepathic communication; but not till lately have they been scientifically investigated and collated and forced on us as solid facts—facts as solid as the Marconi rays. That Fabien in Corsica should know that Louis in Paris was in danger, and that Louis should thereafter appear to him at the moment of death, seems not at all strange to us; and all the greater, therefore—all the more personal—is the thrill we get when the murdered brother appears. The end of the first act—Fabien's decision to start forth and avenge Louis forthwith—left me in a state of lively speculation as to what would happen. Never having seen the play, I was not sure that Fabien had not set out on a fool's errand. Telepathy is a tricky thing—might be so even between twins. Once I woke up in the middle of the night *knowing* that a friend of mine, many miles away, was in utmost distress. I could not go to sleep again, paced up and down my room, and, as soon as the telegraph office opened, I wired *Are you all right*. The answer was *Yes quite why*. I received it with mixed emotions. Usually, when I tell the story, I say that the answer was *Desperate will write*. I am, in fact, one of the people who bring discredit on psychical science. The strength of my belief goads me to the manufacture of proof for sceptics. I did not, of course, suspect that Fabien dei Franchi was a fellow-sinner in this respect. But it was quite possible that the apparition which he—and I, too, for that matter—had beheld, might be a mere hallucination, signifying nothing. And I reflected that it would be great fun if, on his arrival in Paris, he found his brother Louis perfectly well, thank you, and making desperate love to the lady of their twin hearts, Mme. de Lesparre. But that was not to be. The second act (whose action is simultaneous with that of the first) shows that Louis is perfectly correct in his behaviour. He is merely trying to rescue Mme. de Lesparre from the toils of M. de Chateau Renaud, who is "a destroyer of women" and the best fencer in Paris. Louis has never handled a foil; so that he would naturally have some presage of doom, to account for his obvious depression. In case he should cheer up, however, his father's ghost has risen to assure him that he will perish on the morrow—at ten minutes past nine, to be precise. I clutched faintly at the hope that perhaps the message would be falsified; but of course Louis perished punctually. A few days later, in the same glade of the same forest, we see M. de Chateau Renaud on his way to Switzerland. This time, it is *his* turn to have forebodings. He feels that some power is holding him for the avenger. His post-chaise has overturned, and, as he says with doubtful logic, "the post-chaise was not overturned because the postillion was drunk. The postillion was drunk because Fate had willed that the post-chaise should be overturned". Doubt his logic, but not his forebodings! Enter Fabien, with forebodings of triumph. They begin to fight; and, after the first bout, in case we should still make any mistake as to what is coming, M. de Chateau Renaud says good-bye to his second.

I do wish that just something in the play, here and there, were left to chance; or at any rate that the characters themselves were not quite so acutely presentimental. It is the fashion to say—I often say it myself—that without freewill there can be no drama. Certainly (with all deference to the Greeks) the persons of a play are by so much the less interesting when they are presented as puppets of destiny. Still less interesting are they when they are presented as puppets who know exactly which wire the showman is going to pull next. Therefore—but why theorise? The solid fact remains that "The Corsican Brothers" really thrilled me, even moved me. You might not think so, from my manner of writing about it; but I can't help my manner.

The effect of the play depends, of course, almost wholly, on the actor who plays the twins; and it is impossible that any actor should be quite so good as Irving, with his dark and eerie romanticism, must have



been; nor could any actor who was, as was Mr. Martin Harvey, for many years in Irving's company, avoid a conscious imitation of the twins as Irving played them. Nevertheless, Mr. Harvey's performance is quite fine enough—romantic in its own way as well as in some measure of Irving's.

#### MORE BOOKS ON ART.

BY LAURENCE BINYON.

A WEEK or two ago the "Times", in a leading article, drew attention to the improvement that is coming over our London buildings. The writer pointed out that English architecture is emerging from a stage in which the merit of the best work was the negative merit of scholarship, and originality showed itself only in deviation from good style. Now, he maintained, though there is plenty of faulty production, more constructive ideas of style are beginning to find expression. Probably both in architecture and the applied arts England is ahead of the rest of Europe. At the small exhibition held for a few days last week at the County Council's central technical school in Southampton Row, one could not help being struck by the absence of all that goes by the name of "art nouveau"; there was modesty in the designs, soundness and thoroughness in the workmanship, which were refreshing and hopeful signs. Perhaps the best qualities in the metal work, the furniture, the stained glass and embroidery were due to the following of good models; but what was shown was the work of students, mostly young; and there was no air of slavish imitation or pedantry in the results. Much doubtless must be put down to the inspiring influence of Mr. Lethaby, who, with all his learning, knows how essential it is for success that the native inbred element of English character in these arts should be preserved and trained to a free and living growth.

For there is no art without choice; and how difficult a thing has choice become to our generation, to whom the arts of all the ages have been so bewilderingly revealed! Museums, picture galleries grow apace and indefinitely; illustrated books, sets of reproductions are multiplied without end. Study and knowledge are made easy; but what does it profit to have studied and to know about the schools of all the centuries of Europe if these studies do not come to some fresh life in us who learn, if they do not have issue in beauty of production or in the actual daily traffic of existence? Some may be sadly persuaded that all this vulgarisation of art (I use the term in its French sense) makes for paralysis and sterility of the creative faculties. Perhaps it does have this tendency; but it is surprising how splendidly ignorant a genuine artist, interested in his own way of work, can remain of all that he does not need to know. As usual, Nature provides some instinctive means of protection for her chosen instruments. For us, the general public, there is little chance of escaping; a miscellaneous culture is our doom. You may abjure museums and galleries; reproductions of one masterpiece after another will meet your eye as you walk the streets, ambushed in shop-windows or on bookstalls. Christmas showers art books abroad as presents. One would think that the publishers had published enough already to provide every household in the kingdom with a library of volumes on the painters and the sculptors and the architects of the world; and still the books pour out.

Do you want a comprehensive summary of the complete history of art? Dr. Carotti, through Messrs. Duckworth, supplies your want in four handy volumes at five shillings net the volume. The first of these comprises Ancient Art; it is translated by Miss Alice Todd, and has been revised by Mrs. Arthur Strong. It is quite up-to-date, and certainly packs an astounding amount of information into a very small space. Indigestible reading, no doubt, but admirable for reference, it gives, as Mrs. Strong says, a new synthesis of the various phenomena which constitute the antique. I am curious to see how mediæval and modern art are compressed into the remaining volumes. Again, if you want a guide to the art treasures of Europe, Messrs.

Dent provide a series which, to judge by Miss Cruttwell's volume on the Churches of Florence, should prove an extremely useful travelling companion. It was a happy thought to annotate with quotations from Vasari as well as with modern opinions; and it is all very lucidly arranged. A series of similar scope has been planned by Messrs. Arnold Fairbairns. It begins with the art treasures of London, and with a volume on painting, compiled by Mr. Hugh Stokes, to be followed by others on architecture and the applied arts. The object and plan of this series are, however, different. It is not a guide to the collections as such, but shows at a glance how any particular artist is represented in all the London galleries, bringing the several works of each man together in a chronological list of painters, arranged under the various schools. This will save a great amount of time and searching of catalogues for those interested in particular masters. The Oxford and Cambridge galleries are included, as well as all the minor public collections in London. The notion is good and practical. A work of reference that appeals more to the collector is Dr. Hofstede de Groot's catalogue raisonné of the seventeenth-century Dutch painters (Macmillan), based on the famous catalogue of John Smith. Smith's work is now very rare and difficult to procure; correspondingly expensive also. The original eight volumes published by the English picture-dealer between 1829 and 1837, with a supplement issued in 1842, describe the works of thirty-three Dutch painters, four Flemish and three French. These last were Claude, Poussin, and Greuze: curious evidence of the fortuitous way in which French painting has always been collected in this country. Dr. de Groot has wisely chosen to omit these Frenchmen and Flemings, and to substitute for them seven Dutchmen, omitted by Smith, including names so eminent as Brouwer, Hals, and Vermeer of Delft. The labour which a compilation like this represents is almost incredible. For more than sixteen years Dr. de Groot has spent his time in travelling about Europe, note-book in hand, visiting public and private collections, exhibitions and sales. He writes feelingly of the infinite trouble caused, as anyone who has experience of the subject knows, by the incompleteness and inaccuracy of descriptions of pictures, especially in sale catalogues. How many errors have been perpetuated by too confident reliance on these descriptions! To escape error altogether is impossible in such a task; but Dr. de Groot has at least set himself a high standard of accuracy. In spite of all the compiler's research, it is remarkable to notice how many pictures of which a description in one form or another survives have been lost. This publication should help to the recovery of some of them. It is true that Dr. de Groot has not visited America, and the number of pictures that have gone to that continent in the last fifty years must be very large. In this respect the English edition of these volumes, originally published in German, has the advantage of including pictures in the New York Museum. Mr. Edward Hawke, the translator and editor, has done his work very conscientiously, restoring some of the features of Smith's original edition which Dr. de Groot had omitted, and incorporating a certain number of corrections and additions. The complete work will prove quite invaluable to students and to collectors. I am glad to see the works of that rare and most interesting master Carel Fabritius among those now catalogued for the first time. Dr. de Groot's list comprises twenty-two numbers, but of these only eight are now known to exist. The condensed biographies of the artists contain information which I do not think is available to English readers anywhere else.

Lastly, I must mention a book on Screens and Galleries in English Churches, by Mr. Francis Bond (Frowde), the illustrations to which are a revelation of the beautiful design to be found in the churches of our country, especially in Devon and in East Anglia. To study these marvellous monuments of the art of mediæval England is to revive one's faith in the possibilities that may be dormant in us yet.

## SUPPER IN THE BOREEN.

(All Souls' Night, November 2.)

THE edge of Autumn 'twas, when very drear  
And lone and strange for her the great world grew  
One sudden morning, why, she hardly knew,  
Being simpler than to see the reasons clear  
That could not let her rest where many a year  
Her days had lingered by, and barred the door  
Fast of the little house against her, tried  
In vain, for she must trespass there no more ;  
As if another roof, now, far or near,  
Was hers indeed, or any place to bide  
On the wide earth's floor.

Howbeit away she wandered, lost, alone,  
With never a wish in life her steps to guide  
Down lanes that tangled through the countryside,  
Where leaves even so were turned adrift and strown  
On listless journeyings, and the bare fields, mown  
Or reaped, lay still ; but hedgerows in the sun  
Seemed studded thick with jewels, berry and nut,  
She lacked the eyes to heed ; since sorrow had spun  
A shrouding mist, till skies that clearest shone  
Looked dim to her, thinking how the door was shut  
And her good days done.

The lads and she had oft enough whilere  
Gone gathering in the hedges high and low  
On golden morns, when long and long ago  
Young colleens laughed. Why should an old crone care  
To grope for blackberries that none could share ?  
And in their little houses folk were kind,  
That would not say her nay if a crust of bread  
Was with them : seldom need she peer half blind  
'Twixt frosted briars, content with sorry fare,  
Since wizened fruit belated, sour and red  
She could only find.

But when November's Eve the haunted night  
Brought near, that bids across a threshold dire  
Exiles of home, for whose return the fire  
Is kindled, and by faithful hands in sight  
The board left ready, grieved she was outright  
That in their old hearth's glow she could not set  
The seat and spread the meal that memory shows :

"Mayhap they'll be misdoubting I forget  
My grief !" she sighed, "or grudge the sod to light ;  
When ne'er a one of them, a one, God knows,  
But I'm mourning yet."

Then after soon, a glimmering hope spied she  
In that harm's self : for year by year had sped  
Her All Souls' night, nor ever brought home her Dead,  
That ever she watched with hungered heart to see.

"For none of them made much, dear hearts, of me :  
They scarce would travel back that far while naught  
Failed ; but, ah, these times," she said, "'tis well  
They know the way I am left, and like as aught  
Noreen would come, or Mick. Though long it be,  
If mother herself remembers—who can tell ?—  
She might have the thought."

So through that gloaming, slow, with halting feet,  
She climbed the hill where winds the steep boreen,  
Deep-sunken and sheltered furze-shagged banks  
between,  
And at a half-door begged a sod of peat.

The woman of the house did blithely greet  
This poor old woman of no house at all,  
Who round the turn a stone's throw farther went  
With thrice her asking 'neath her sleet-drenched shawl,  
Till under writhen boughs that well nigh meet  
She found a hollow fit for her intent,  
Where the bank stands tall.

Therein her three black sods aslant she leant  
And lit, and while the clear blue smoke uncured,  
Her store outspread. Her one hope in the world  
So wrought her that in reckless wise she had spent  
In the town her hoarded pennies, wholly bent  
Those guests to feast aright. Herself might fast,  
But for the lads she had brought the speckled cake.  
'Twas the dull fire-blink, yet, please God, 'twould last  
To light them back. They'd know her best she meant ;  
And if they came, sure 'would be for the sake  
Of the old times past.

More oft than in the smoke a quick spark dies  
Her hopes were quenched ; for ever a step she heard  
If wind or wing amongst the branches stirred,  
And night's wide house seemed full of calls and cries,  
That crept to her from afar. But fear likewise  
Kept watch, a phantom threatening other scathe  
Than daily peril, against the feeble and old  
Resurgent : fear it was lest all her faith  
That any help could reach her 'neath these skies  
Must dwindle o'er the sill of dawning cold,  
An vanished wraith.

Gript in their chill blasts, still with grudging grief  
She felt the dark hours wane toward morningtide,  
When she must see her dreams had surely died  
And left her desolate. That sole dread in chief,  
Prevailing, made her vigil all too brief,  
Because anon she heart-bereft should hear  
The shrill cocks hailing back her weary day,  
Of friends forlorn, forlorn of any cheer,  
With goalless path again as fallen leaf ;  
Fell summons that her cherished hope would slay,  
And but change her fear.

JANE BARLOW.

## GONDOLAS.

BY LORD DUNSANY.

THERE is no creature in the world so proud as a  
gondola, unless perhaps it be a camel in his own  
desert or in the market-place of some desert-bordering  
city. Possibly this seems so because we only see him  
in his own ancient town, stabled underneath palatial  
porticoes in the Grand Canal, or prowling silently  
down little secret ways, where ever and anon an old  
green door aswing in a wall of marble suggests some  
mystery that the gondola knows. I cannot say how  
he would appear to us if we saw him on the Thames ;  
whether he would go drifting under the bridges as the  
barges do, wearing the weary air of some captive pent  
in Babylon, or whether, even though a slave, his pride  
would not desert him, and he would go by, though  
piled up high with merchandise, still wearing that  
lofty, haughty air of his and standing out jet black,  
even against London, an alien fierce and notable, so  
that some Venetian by chance beholding him would  
burst into song. I think it is more likely that on being  
transported his timbers would rot asunder, and that  
when they launched him he would instantly sink—  
dying as was the custom of barbarian kings destined  
for some triumph of old Rome—and his soul would go



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## SUPPLEMENT.

LONDON: 26 SEPTEMBER, 1908.

### DUMOURIEZ.

"Dumouriez and the Defence of England against Napoleon." By J. Holland Rose and A. M. Broadley. London: Lane. 1908. 21s. net.

THE authors have rendered a real service to history in producing this book and have displayed much industry in collecting material. They have succeeded in giving us what was lacking before in English—a clear and consecutive account of Dumouriez' remarkable career. Recent documentary discoveries have made the task easier, they have been able to bring to notice much original matter, and the world is now able to pass a dispassionate judgment on their hero. Unimpassioned criticism is hardly to be expected from his own countrymen, even Sorel could not judge Dumouriez without some parti pris; but now that we know practically everything that there is to be known about him from original sources we hardly think the verdict of history in its main features is likely to be reversed. In their last chapter the authors sum up as far as possible in his favour, but they are not able to deny that a Commander-in-Chief who deliberately offers to hand over to the enemy the fortresses which constitute his country's main line of defence cannot properly be designated as anything else than traitor. His views as to the conduct of his own Government may have been perfectly sound, but, whatever the demerits of that Government, "il restait la France", to use the famous mot of the Duc d'Aumale at the trial of another traitor. In kind indeed the treachery of Bazaine has a strong likeness to that of Dumouriez, though the Revolutionary General was more courageous in his action and had far more excuse for his defection.

That Dumouriez took a sound view of the necessity of crying "Halt!" to the Jacobins cannot be denied, but he misread the sentiment of France. A restoration by Austria meant at that time the return of the émigrés and a reconstruction of the old régime by Austrian swords. He wished to play the part of Monk, but such a rôle is only possible when the mass of the nation is in sympathy, and Monk would have failed had he tried to restore Charles with the help of French troops. Dumouriez was also the victim of his own self-confidence and vanity, which had indeed often stood him before in good stead. It is almost incredible that he could have honestly accepted Coburg's proclamation at its face value. This extraordinary document is summarised by the authors to the effect that Coburg "declared on his word of honour that he would make no conquests but would enter France solely for the purpose of supporting Dumouriez. If he had to enter a fortress he would regard it as a sacred trust to be given back as soon as order was re-established in France. He would also repress violence and refrain from exactions of all kinds". That a commander of Dumouriez' experience, both as diplomat and soldier, could with a grave face invite his countrymen to accept such promises from an invader and on the faith of them open to him the gates of their fortresses, shows such a contempt for common-sense as to argue almost insane vanity or deliberate treachery. In fact even the authors recognise that his conduct at this juncture is indefensible.

It is impossible to avoid a comparison between Dumouriez and Moreau, who both, after being distinguished soldiers of the Republic, went over to the enemy; but, while Moreau was the greater general, the grounds for the other's desertion were undoubtedly more respectable. At all events it is possible to defend Dumouriez on grounds of patriotism, not, indeed, the particular method he adopted, but his hostility to Jacobinism. Dumouriez frequently displayed considerable political talent. He was one of the few soldiers of the Revolution who had had a considerable experience of war. He was fifty-two at the outbreak of the conflict with the first Coalition, and had already shown great energy, resource and courage in three wars. He had served against Frederick the Great and was

campaigning in Corsica against Paoli in 1769, the year of Napoleon's birth. He had spent two years in Poland and had given the Duc de Choiseul excellent advice regarding that country. He had had a project adopted which might undoubtedly if carried out have saved Poland from partition and re-established the Constitution on a sounder basis, also establishing French influence in that distracted land. Unfortunately both for him and Poland, Madame du Barry procured de Choiseul's fall at this juncture, and the mission failed. It serves, however, to show the real ability and versatility of this remarkable man. Subsequently he was for ten years commandant of Cherbourg. He found it little better than a fishing-village and left it a fortified port after overcoming every possible obstacle thrown in his way by obstructive officials, and while there he designed an ingenious and quite feasible scheme for seizing the Isle of Wight.

It is hardly necessary to emphasise his importance as a historical figure by dwelling on the victories of Valmy and Jemappes. It is true enough that the former was rather a "cannonade" than a battle, but it was the first victory of the Revolutionaries over disciplined troops, and according to Goethe, who was present and records his impressions in the "Kampagne in Frankreich", marked a new epoch in the history of the world. The victory of Jemappes threw open the gates of the capital of the Netherlands to the French and put the Commander-in-Chief in a position to negotiate with the enemy. Dumouriez was therefore the pioneer in the great victories of the Revolution. His quarrel with Jacobinism was justified, but not the way in which he pursued it. In this he showed the same rashness as in the strategy which led to his defeat at Neerwinden, but here he met a really great general, the Archduke Charles, and was heavily worsted. That he was a sound strategist, when not led away by a too sanguine imagination, is abundantly evident from the pages in this book which contain his scheme for the defence of the United Kingdom against Napoleon. We have no space to deal with it here, but it well deserves study. The importance of this document was only ascertained last year, and indeed it only came into the possession of one of the authors four years ago by a happy accident of the auction-room. This document is, we are assured, beyond doubt in the handwriting of Dumouriez, and demonstrates what considerable services he would have been able to render to the British Government had they availed themselves of them to the fullest extent. Indeed he amply deserved the pension which they very properly paid him during the later years of his life. The Duke of Orleans, afterwards Louis Philippe, was able to procure him some pecuniary recognition from the Restoration Government, but Louis XVIII. never really forgave him the early victories of the Revolution.

The greatest historical problem in Dumouriez' career is undoubtedly how far he, as Foreign Minister, was responsible for the outbreak of war with Austria in 1792. The case against him is not proven, but it is quite clear that he did not care whether France went to war with Austria or not, but he looked to England as her natural ally. He adopted as his own the old policy of Louis XIV., that of claiming for France her "natural boundaries, the Rhine, the Alps and the Pyrenees". There was nothing original about this. It was for a century and a half the perpetual cause of quarrel between France and her Continental neighbours. It is to Dumouriez' credit that he declined to embark on the campaign of universal plunder which was the distinguishing policy of Jacobinism. But it is evident that his quarrel with the Jacobins was more personal than political, though his objections to their foreign policy were quite sound and have been justified by history.

#### TOWARDS A HISTORY OF SOUTH AFRICA.

"History of South Africa since September 1795." In 5 vols. By George McCall Theal Litt.D., LL.D. Vol. V. London: Sonnenschein. 1908. 7s. 6d.

IT is amusing to see that in the useful bibliography of South African history given in this book Dr. Theal does not include the various volumes of his own large work. We suspect the omission to be due

almost as much to bewilderment as to modesty. He has revised and reissued and rearranged so often that it is difficult to keep count. We gather, however, that the completed work now consists of eight volumes, three being devoted to the period before the first British occupation of the Cape (1795), and five, of which the one before us is the last, covering the story of British South Africa. So far as regards the main story, Dr. Theal elects to stop at 1872, the year in which Cape Colony was granted responsible government. But he does not apply this self-denying ordinance to the smaller territories. His final instalment, therefore, gives the annals of Cape Colony proper from 1860 to 1872, of the Transkei from 1860 to 1894, of Griqualand West from 1871 to 1880, of Natal from 1854 to 1872, of what is now German South-West Africa from 1823 or thereabouts to 1884, and of Portuguese South-East Africa from about 1800 to 1899. We fear that this enumeration may be tedious, but it is more necessary than Dr. Theal seems to think, as he amiably observes, "Volume V. is the one in the reader's hands", and trusts those hands not to hurl it away until the reader's eyes have mastered the whole lengthy table of contents. The Portuguese chapters, by the way, are reprinted from his former separate work published in 1902 under the title "The Beginnings of South African History", the greater part of which reappeared this year as part of Vol. I. of his "History and Ethnography of Africa South of the Zambesi from 1505 to 1795". Dr. Theal evidently would not have the reading of history a sedentary pursuit; his devotees must skip alertly from the armchair to the bookshelf if they would follow a consecutive piece of narrative.

We must really apologise for taking so long a time to get to business, but it is Dr. Theal who is responsible.

Now the first difficulty which besets any writer on African history is the question of arrangement. A colony or protectorate will be self-contained for years, and then the course of discovery or conquest will blend its affairs inextricably with those of some other region. If the historian attempts to treat South Africa as one country and to follow chronological order, he must constantly arrest the main narrative to mention some event in an unimportant corner which was not understood until years later to be worth notice. Griqualand West did not matter until diamonds were discovered, whereupon tribal boundaries suddenly became questions of great moment. No one would trouble about the warfare of Namaquas and Hereros except that the state of chaos in Damaraland led to German annexation. We quite recognise the difficulties in the path, but we believe Dr. Theal's system of water-tight compartments to be most unsatisfactory, for the compartments will keep on leaking into each other. Further, the historian becomes a mere annalist, for a chronicle of parochial events is not history. We would fain exchange the division lists in the Cape Assembly forty years ago and the description of the weather on the Duke of Edinburgh's South African tour for some analysis of the general tendencies which were slowly working towards the union of the sub-continent. But Dr. Theal is in some degree dominated by the same spirit which made politicians like Sir John Molteno, the first Cape Premier, so hopeless when asked to take the wider outlook that statesmanship requires.

No critic, we believe, has proved Dr. Theal to be in error over the facts which he states. Many critics have complained of his selection of the facts which he considers worthy of detailed treatment. We see his defects in the present volume. For example, the story of the establishment of a German colony in South-West Africa is in reality full of grim humour. Lord Carnarvon would not formally proclaim a British protectorate when Sir Bartle Frere asked him, and later on Cape Ministers were afraid of responsibility north of the Orange River. Then came the strong man who knew his own mind. Bismarck objected to the murder of German subjects by savages in a territory which was vaguely understood to be within the British sphere. Lord Granville, who could give points to any Cape Minister in a competition for the escape of responsibility, was driven to contend that the country was not:



British. In a few weeks it became German. Dr. Theal misses all the humour and some of the facts. Again, readers of this book will not learn from it of the absurd position in Pondoland in the last days of its independence, when the Cape and Natal police were almost firing upon each other. Each colony had evaded the troublesome task of keeping the Pondos in order until they became intolerable and the enterprising Germans showed a tendency to peg out claims in the vacant space. Then both colonies wanted the country. It is said that the Pondo chief was overawed into accepting British dominion by some simple conjuring tricks exhibited before him by a Cape official. If Dr. Theal knows this story—as is probable—he, like Herodotus, thinks it not lawful to relate. As regards these territories between Cape Colony and Natal, the inclusion in this book of their story up to their final incorporation in the Cape is due to the fact that Dr. Theal had compiled colonial Blue-books about it and found the matter handy. The chapters are valuable so far as they go, because they preserve a record of lively doings in a country which is now reduced to dull tranquillity. But it is absurd to draw a line at the river Kei and remain tongue-tied about events to the west of that river after the magic date 1872, while giving a very minute account of what was happening a mile or two to the east. One curious result follows from this decision. In 1877 the Galekas east of the river and their kinsmen the Gaikas on the west were both up in arms. The Gaika rebellion gave Mr. John Xavier Merriman, now Premier of Cape Colony, the opportunity of making himself supremely ridiculous as an amateur strategist and of dangerously hampering the progress of British troops. It was a case in which conceit was as mischievous as disloyalty could have been, and Sir Bartle Frere in the interests of colonial safety felt himself obliged to dismiss the Molteno Ministry. Dr. Theal's plan excludes all this, while treating at full length the Galeka part of the business. Events among the native tribes are unintelligible except in connexion with colonial politics, but this book attempts to carry on the record of each bit of territory up to the moment of its incorporation in Cape Colony, when the self-denying ordinance comes into play. Even so it is not consistent, for British Bechuanaland is now an integral part of Cape Colony, yet its history after 1880 is not given here.

It is, however, in connexion with the Boer Republics that the system followed becomes most irritating. Volume IV. of the work took the two republics up to 1872, but Volume V. gives half the story of the dispute with the Free State over the Diamond Fields. The extension of British authority over Basutoland at a moment at which the Free State, after years of frontier warfare, was about to conquer the country, is one of the cardinal events in South African history. We suppose it is all in Volume IV., for we look in vain for anything but a casual reference in the account here given of Sir Philip Wodehouse's whole career as Governor of the Cape, and the word "Basuto" does not appear in the index, though mentioned in the text.

To turn, however, to Cape affairs. The period here covered is of peculiar interest at this moment. The demeanour of the Imperial Government towards the colony in the matter of the turbulent Kafir tribes foreshadows the attitude of Mr. Churchill towards Natal over the Zulu question. The discussions as to responsible government in the Cape should be studied in connexion with current Transvaal questions, and some of the points cannot be disregarded in any serious consideration of the federation or unification of British South Africa in the near future. It is worth remembrance that the British of the Eastern Province disliked the idea of Cape Home Rule under a Dutch majority, and that what is now a single colony might have been a federation of provinces. The all-important factor in Cape politics under responsible government was that the real party division was one which no politician avowed—the racial principle. Almost every Cabinet was composite in appearance (it is marvellous how Cape politicians kept up appearances); but, until Mr. Rhodes and Mr. Hofmeyr established a real though short-lived coalition, each Cabinet really rested on a racial basis. Dr. Theal does not take this view: he prefers the

surface to the subsoil. The chief lesson to be learned from the record—and it is a lesson that the British in the Transvaal have not digested—is that the Dutch are far better politicians, in the technical sense, than the British. Local jealousies kept the spokesmen of the old Eastern Province and British Kaffraria and Griqualand West divided and impotent, while the solid Dutch Western Province guided the destinies of the whole colony into the paths that it preferred. Meanwhile Natal as a Crown Colony was far too easy-going in her native policy, and achieved considerable progress by the help of the Indian immigrants whom she would now eliminate. Dr. Theal rings down the curtain at a point when all South African questions were unsettled, and reappears before it to give us a brief lecture on Bushman philology. Let us give him the credit due to him. He has laid the foundations for a history of South Africa. Without his spade-work the future historian would have had to expend much labour on the mere collection of materials.

#### MYSTERIOUS BREYDON.

"Wild Life on a Norfolk Estuary." By A. H. Patterson.  
London: Methuen. 1907. 10s. 6d. net.

MR. PATTERSON is not the first historian of the estuary into which flow the three main rivers of the Broads district. About seventy years ago Sir James Paget and his brother published a list of the birds which had been met with on Breydon, giving an interesting account of the professional wildfowlers who, at all seasons, were afloat on the estuary. Dr. P. H. Emerson in his "Wild Life on a Tidal Water" has told of Breydon and of the punt-gunners, smelt-netters and eel-catchers known as "Breydoners". The Rev. R. Lubbock, too, whose "Fauna of Norfolk" deserves a place on the bookshelf, paid fleeting visits to the "walls" and mud-flats of Breydon, and his accurate observations have added much to our knowledge of its bird life. But though these and other writers have told us a good deal about this "Broad Water" of the Saxon, Mr. Patterson has the pull over them—he has a lifelong acquaintance with the spot. As schoolboy he fished for shore-crabs near the spot where his house-boat now lies high and dry on a Breydon "rond", and for many years he has been a faithful recorder of the comings and goings, habits, hardships and misadventures of the Breydon birds. He has told the story of his own life, too, and his new work should be read in the light of the facts about himself he has already recounted.

Always hard at work, either as shopboy, assurance agent, postman, warehouseman, or school attendance officer, Mr. Patterson has yet found time to study intimately the wild life of East Norfolk. He has not only added several species to the lists of birds and fishes of Norfolk—he has found species unrecorded for Great Britain. In his latest book, the result of nearly thirty years' close observation and systematic note-taking, he deals with the wild life of Breydon at all seasons, and while he enables us to form a very good idea of what that wild life is like to-day he also, by giving the recollections of ancient fishermen and wildfowlers, preserves much interesting information that would otherwise have been lost. Through him we can make the acquaintance of the old punt-gunners whose chances of gaining a precarious livelihood practically disappeared when the Bird Protection Acts became stringently enforced; and while we can appreciate with him the prowess and sturdy character of those hardy fowlers, we can also join with him in commending the vigilance of the paid watcher who, from his house-boat moored in the midst of Breydon, now takes care that the spoonbills, the avocets, and other rare birds which visit the mudflats shall rest and feed there undisturbed. When we read that quite lately Mr. Patterson saw the strange sight of seventeen spoonbills feeding on a flat and that, another time, he spent an evening in the company of nine avocets, we cannot regret that this generation of Breydoners consists chiefly of fishermen, not one of whom would find it worth while to emulate the exploits of old-time wildfowlers. For, though the birds are well protected, Breydon has not the attraction for

them it had long since. Its physical conditions have changed; the railway runs close beside it, and an iron bridge crosses it in the immediate neighbourhood of the old haunts of duck and wader. So although the wild life of the estuary is still of interest and, owing to the direction of migration routes, in spring and autumn its mud-flats will often be an alighting-place of passing migrants, Breydon, as its regular frequenters lament, has seen its best days. Mr. Patterson has done well to give us a true account of what it is and has been, and as he writes in a vigorous style and rarely attempts "fine writing", his readers should enjoy his companionship while he gives his experiences and adventures.

#### ANTHONY HOPE'S NEW STORY.

"The Great Miss Driver." By Anthony Hope. London: Methuen. 1908. 6s.

IT is not immediately apparent why the story of Jenny Driver is so much less interesting than it should be. She makes a most admirable entrance, and one's delight in her continues to increase up to the little dissertation to her late father's secretary on the use of scrapes. When she runs back, from that indiscreet visit, to her great empty house, there is very little in the way of entertainment of which one does not believe her capable. Yet from that moment, and it comes in the third chapter, one's faith in and fondness for her suffer a gradual diminution till the story closes. There is one obvious but unavoidable defect in construction, to which some of this lapse of interest may be referred. The book breaks in halves across Jenny's three years of absence following her flight with the man she loves, for the Jenny that returns to us is not only not the Jenny who left us, but someone into whom one cannot conceive her to have been transformed by so short a flight of time, however strenuous. The two are, one admits, the same woman; the development is, indeed, quite effectively indicated, but the interval for it is altogether inadequate. Yet the requirement of the plot prevents that interval being enlarged. Jenny must return to the society she has outraged with all her youthful potencies bright upon her, yet with the age doubled of all her determinations. Anthony Hope is further hampered by being unable to indicate by what the transformation is accomplished. It is, he knows, as much as his very desirable place is worth with the British public to suggest effectively what has happened. He lets Jenny Driver elope at night with the man she loves, in the very presence of the man to whom she was engaged to be married, lets her wander with him, unchaperoned, so far as we know, about the Continent, and be ready to accompany him, still unwed, to Africa; yet on his violent death in a duel on her behalf he brings her back to the sensitive and censorious society of Catsford with her popularity undimmed and her fame unsullied. It is an achievement to make such an event conceivable, but the author has to pay dearly for his success. The wiles by which he commends her to the elect of Catsford obscure for the reader all the clues on which the acceptance of her transformation depend. Jenny, he tells us, to explain much that seemed strange in her, was always "trying to have it both ways"; but in thus telling her story, which was not at all a proper story, in a fashion which will commend it to very proper people, it is rather the author who is trying to have it both ways, and his failure is exactly comparable to that which befell Jenny—she had it neither way. Anthony Hope will certainly not scandalise his readers—he has most cleverly ensured against that by the example of Catsford—but will he be able to interest them in a heroine about whom he does not tell them the truth? One recommends them to give him the opportunity, because even what he offers of the great Miss Driver has personality enough to deserve the epithet, indeed one's culminating regret concerning her is that its charm, its freshness, its queerness, its badness, has been wasted on her story; since from the moment of her flight, owing to the author's reticence, our interest in its development ends. Even with what he gives us in the earlier half, Anthony Hope does not quite make Jenny Driver credible, though he makes her human, and delightful and new; so human, indeed, that his handling

suggests that he is not himself quite sure how far he understands her. There is another portrait in the book, that of Lord Fillingford, which, without this delicate uncertainty, is most observingly and finely done. It is a character which tempts alike triteness and exaggeration, but both have been most admirably avoided, though the situations in which it is placed make the avoidance of a single false touch quite a triumph of insight and delineation. For the rest there is, what readers of Anthony Hope can always count on, a great deal of quiet thought, avoiding consciously the deep places of life, but reflecting with humour and tenderness on less impeachable situations.

#### THE CROWN AS A LITIGANT.

"Civil Proceedings by and against the Crown." By G. S. Robertson. London: Stevens. 1908. 38s.

LAWYERS and students of legal history owe more than ordinary thanks to Mr. Robertson for this work. It is one of those exceptional books which after use will be laid down with the question, Where did people go before it was published? Even to the legal profession at large what goes on in the Attorney-General's chambers is but vaguely understood, and suppliants in search of redress from the Crown have always found it very difficult to discover how best to bring their grievances within the four walls of a Court of Law. So far as can be done, where questions of grace rather than of law are being dealt with, Mr. Robertson has reduced a mass of precedents into orderly array, and with a courage that other writers on law might well emulate he has not hesitated to draw on his long experience of work for the Crown, and to give us reasoned opinion where authorities conflict or are silent. In what circumstances, if at all, Government departments can, like ordinary litigants, come into the Courts as plaintiffs or be brought there as defendants has always been a difficult question for lawyers to answer. From the nature of the case no general rule is possible, and consequently Mr. Robertson adopts the plan of taking each Government department in ordered detail. In many instances there is neither power to sue nor to be sued, in others Parliament has stepped in and given a legal entity, though usually this covers no more than certain specified cases. As general illustration it may be noted that the Colonial Secretary as such can in no way be brought into Court, and the Home Secretary only in respect of some details connected with housing, aliens and inebriates; while the Secretary for India, as the heir of the East India Company, is a full target. Reading through the list, the old immunity of the Crown, acting through its servants, seems to have been limited by Parliament gradually as Government has come more and more into touch with daily business life; and the modern tendency certainly appears to be in the direction of breaking down privilege where the unnecessary trouble caused by its existence has no compensation in other directions.

Those Government departments which are legally intangible are not necessarily altogether immune, as equity, using the word in its non-technical sense, gives a litigant if he has reason and substance on his side the ancient remedy of a Petition of Right. But the Crown's legal watch-dog, the Attorney-General, must first be appeased, for without his fiat no petition is permitted to proceed. This permission once given, the royal indorsement "let right be done" follows, abates all privilege and gives the Courts full jurisdiction.

Mr. Robertson draws attention to the common error that suppliants believe they are entitled to make an appeal to the mercy or good nature of the Crown for any kind of grievance, and gives as a result of this belief several amusing instances of wild and reckless petitions. On the contrary every claim must have a legal or equitable foundation, otherwise it will never reach the Crown.

Following his usual sectional treatment, Mr. Robertson carefully details the circumstances in which a petition will lie, not the least interesting being illustrated by mentioning successful claims on the part of members of the Canadian Bar for service rendered to



the Government. It is of interest to note that the etiquette of the English Bar stands in the way of any such claim for fees; and in other matters its junior members are hardly better off, as where Government is concerned the honour of devilling is too often considered sufficient payment for their services.

The rule that no petition will lie for a claim founded in tort is traced as to later authority from a curious case in the middle of the last century, where the Speaker of the House of Commons unsuccessfully claimed damages for injury to his property owing to the burning of the Houses of Parliament, alleged to be due to the negligence of the servants of the Crown. The rule is founded in the maxim that the King can do no wrong, which of course has a personal as well as a political application. In practice this works but little hardship, as an official who commits a legally wrongful act can be made personally responsible. Not the least interesting part of the work is where Mr. Robertson deals with proceedings to obtain declarations of legitimacy and claims to peerages. A declaration of legitimacy is often of paramount value in settling the descent to property or honours which might otherwise have become the subject of interminable litigation. Evidence so obtained was used with effect in the recent Poulett peerage case. In dealing with peerage claims Mr. Robertson well defines the duty of the Attorney-General by pointing out that he appears to protect Crown rights and to advise the House of Lords. Curiously enough these duties sometimes conflict, as happened in the last Lord Great Chamberlain case—which, though strictly not a peerage case, was certainly in the nature of one—when the Attorney-General set forth a pretension on the part of the Crown which the House by no means acceded. Mr. Robertson does not note the difference between peerage claims as of right, where opponents in the real sense of the word fight the case throughout, and claims to take a peerage out of abeyance, in which the sole duty of the Committee for Privileges consists in satisfying themselves that a peerage exists, that it is in abeyance, and that the petitioner is one of many co-heirs. Several co-heirs may appear, and they only need to prove their pedigree to the satisfaction of the Committee—it is the Crown which decides whether the peerage shall be taken out of abeyance, and if so which co-heir shall have it.

The Crown, through the Attorney-General, frequently participates in litigation in which it is not directly concerned. In such cases it is usually acting as a general trustee for the public, and either interferes directly, as in the case of charities or where statutory authorities such as railway companies exceed their powers, or indirectly by means of a relator, i.e. a third party taking upon himself the burden of an action to protect some right in which the public as well as himself have an interest. Adequate space is given to all such matters, and whether the Attorney-General will move alone, or in conjunction with a relator, or leave the action to a private person are points among the different questions carefully examined.

Costs, which in all litigation naturally loom very large, usually follow the event; but this is by no means the rule where the Crown is concerned. At common law the King neither paid or received costs, and though this strict rule has been somewhat relaxed by comparatively recent legislation, the present position is far from satisfactory.

We have no space to deal with the many other important, if little understood, points of law with which Mr. Robertson has packed his pages. Of their use and value to lawyers there can be no doubt, and they will be the more easily found because of the way in which the material is arranged and the excellent index that accompanies it.

#### NOVELS.

**"Aunt Maud."** By Ernest Oldmeadow. London: Richards. 1908. 6s.

We have seldom met anyone in a novel whom we dislike as heartily as Mr. Oldmeadow's Aunt Maud, and the unfortunate part of it is that he believes her to be a woman of rare charm and admirable character.

She goes far to spoil a story of unusual merit. Her niece, whose diary the book is supposed to be, is an attractive girl with abundant humour, and the wooing of the niece is a pretty little romance, while the absurd engaged couple who are on a visit under the same roof offer genuine amusement to the observer. But the aunt! When she is not explaining her match-making plans to the niece in a way which must—and in this case did—revolt any normal girl, she is indulging in hysterical outbreaks over her own affairs. She has not the elementary wit to see that the best plan to make a match for a high-spirited and healthy-minded girl is not to ask the predestined man on a visit (telling him what is expected of him) and to explain to the girl—who has never seen him—that she has done this. Yet when this appalling person appears on the stage Mr. Oldmeadow lowers the footlights and sets his orchestra to work on muted strings. The central love-story is treated with so much originality and discretion that we are at a loss to understand the author's fiasco over his more ambitious portrait.

**"The Door of Darkness."** By Maude Annesley. London: Lane. 1908. 6s.

Desinit in piscem mulier—. The opening chapters of this novel are so good that we recognise with disappointment the author's failure to maintain the plausible atmosphere of the supernatural which envelops them. For a moment we half fancied her about to extend the novelist's province, and construct a convincing romance out of the shadows of clairvoyance and magic. But, like her predecessors in the same field, Miss Annesley secures her most striking effects by imagining mysteries which she cannot attempt to explain; and the reader of a novel, like the spectator at a manifestation, wants to know how things are done. In this case the reader very soon perceives that the central figure in the book is an "adept" who has mastered the secret of perpetual youth. The love of such a man for a girl bound by the normal conditions of human life can be made, and here is made, into an interesting romance. But somehow Miss Annesley rather mars the effect by introducing occult forces on to her stage. They would have been more telling had they been kept in a misty background, even though for a moment the reader is thrilled when watching the heroine half lift the veil beyond which is the secret of vitality.

**"The Virgin in Judgment."** By Eden Phillpotts. London: Cassell. 1908. 6s.

This story contains a dozen capital portraits of rural men and women, dwellers on Dartmoor some half-century ago. The lives of the three protagonists culminate in tragedy, the legitimate outcome of clashing temperaments. Rhoda Bowden's affections are all centred in her brother David. She is otherwise self-contained, almost forbidding, a sort of Devonshire Artemis, who shrinks from marriage and from all men but David. David has married Madge, who is Rhoda's antithesis, a woman compact of sympathy and love. Jealous for her brother's honour, Rhoda charges Madge with unfaithfulness to him. Madge is innocent, but unlucky circumstances lend colour to the accusation, and Rhoda's harshness drives her to self-destruction. Rhoda learns the truth too late, and loses her brother's love. Here is matter for sadness, but there is mirth too, for the author gives us pages of humorous dialogue, as well as glimpses of content in many a cottage. We feel, as we read, that his touch in characterisation is sure and his outlook upon life is sane. These are certainly merits, and the more welcome because in so much of current fiction their absence has to be deplored.

**"Maurice Guest."** By Henry Handel Richardson. London: Heinemann. 1908. 6s.

There is a medical student in this book who is delighted at the opportunity of watching the action of a rare poison on a frog. That is very much the position into which Mr. Richardson tries to put the reader. Maurice Guest is a thoroughly commonplace young man from an English provincial town who goes to Leipzig to study music. The book is the story of his

infatuation for a girl student, the cast-off mistress of a young Polish musician. Guest catches her on the rebound, so to say; the friendship which with great difficulty he establishes develops into a stormy liaison, and we are spared no detail of his steady moral and physical degradation. It is all very clever, and no doubt there are women who have the same effect on a lover as absinthe or morphia. But really this kind of thing has only a pathological interest. If the morals and manners of Leipzig musical students, girls as well as men, are faithfully represented by Mr. Richardson (who seems to know his theme), we imagine that a good many innocent parents in England will be greatly startled. Louise Dufrayer, the Circe of the story, remains a psychological puzzle—unspeakably vile.

**"The Suspicions of Ermengarde." By Maxwell Gray.**  
London: Long. 1908. 6s.

It is too much to ask us to believe that a sensible man and distinguished author would disguise himself with a false beard and spectacles, and secretly accompany his wife abroad for the purpose of watching over her, unknown to and unsuspected by her. The plot of Maxwell Gray's last book is made up of foolish impossible stratagems and mysteries, and Ermengarde is a most tiresome heroine. Evidently the author wanted to write a story about Monte Carlo and its neighbourhood, but was not very clear as to the story itself, which is an incoherent piece of work, with one quite incomprehensible character, a young Vicomte de Vieuxbois, who disguises himself as a waiter. There are pleasant descriptions of scenery, and one or two clever character-studies, so that the story is readable if unconvincing.

**"The Quests of Paul Beck." By A. McDonnell Bodkin**  
K.C. London: Unwin. 1908. 6s.

Two or three of these "thrilling detective stories" are far-fetched and impossibly melodramatic, but amongst the collection are very fair specimens of this particular type of sensational tale, which may be relied on to beguile the tedium of a railway journey for travellers not exacting in their literary taste.

#### AUTUMN LITERARY ANNOUNCEMENTS.

In Mr. Murray's list of autumn publications not the least notable book is "Collectivism: a Study of some of the Leading Social Questions of the Day", by Paul Leroy-Beaulieu, abridged and translated by Sir Arthur Clay. "Reminiscences of a Stonemason" is the autobiography of a working man who was born in the 'forties and brought up in an infant orphanage. His experience covers America as well as England, and he gives his views on the changes in the condition of labour in both countries. "The Inner Life of the United States" is by Monsignor Count Vay de Vaya and Luskod, who went out to the United States in an emigrant ship in order to study the social and economic aspects not only of the lowest classes of workers and emigrants, but of all grades of society. The "Correspondence of George Canning and some Intimate Friends" contains hitherto unpublished letters, jeux d'esprit, and other items of George Canning, Charles Bagot, the Marquess Wellesley, Lord Lyttelton, John Hookham Frere, Stratford Canning, and many others. The volume is edited by Captain Josceline Bagot. A new volume to be added to the "Progressive Science" series is "The Problem of Age, Growth, and Death", a study of Cytomorphosis, based on lectures at the Lowell Institute, March 1907, by Charles S. Minot LL.D. "Murray's Illustrated Bible Dictionary", edited by the Rev. William C. Piercy, has been for some time in preparation, and Mr. Murray hopes shortly to publish it in one volume. Although similar in size and scope to Sir William Smith's well-known "Concise Bible Dictionary", it will be a new work popular in character, but based on all the most recent discoveries of scholarship and antiquarian research. "The Waters of Jordan" is the title of Horace Annesley Vachell's new novel.

Messrs. Macmillan and Co. will publish to-day Dr. James Gairdner's "Lollardy and the Reformation in England". This work provides a more complete elucidation of various subjects that, from considerations of space, could not be fully treated by Dr. Gairdner in his work on "The English Church in the Sixteenth Century". Messrs. Macmillan's list is comprehensive. In it will be found Professor J. B. Bury's "The

Ancient Greek Historians" (Harvard Lectures); the Hon. J. W. Fortescue's "The County Lieutenancies and the Army, 1803-1814"; Mr. W. Warde Fowler's "Social Life at Rome in the Age of Cicero"; Sir Charles Bruce's "Problems of Crown Colony Administration", treated under the headings of Government, Legislation, Judiciary, Religion, Education, Health, Labour, Organisation of Industry, Transport, Finance, and Defence; "William Haigh Brown, sometime Master of Charterhouse", a short Biographical Memoir by some of his Pupils, edited by Harold E. Haigh Brown; and a new volume in the English Men of Letters series on "William Morris", by Alfred Noyes; Volume II.—carrying us from Shakespeare to Crabbe—of Professor George Saintsbury's "A History of English Prosody from the Twelfth Century to the Present Day"; Mr. Austin Dobson's "De Libris", prose and verse, illustrated by Hugh Thomson and Kate Greenaway; "The Book of the Pearl", by Dr. G. F. Kunz and Dr. C. H. Stevenson, with one hundred full-page plates, showing every point of interest relating to pearls—their use as objects of ornamentation, past and present; their decorative utility; their origin, growth and structure; their artistic and commercial values; the care and treatment necessary to preserve their lustre and beauty; and the history and methods of their principal fisheries throughout the world; "Herculaneum, Past, Present, and Future", by Dr. Charles Waldstein and Leonard Shoobridge M.A.; Dr. Richard Spruce's "Notes of a Botanist on the Amazon and Andes", being records of travel on the Amazon and its tributaries, the Trombetas, Rio Negro, Uaupés, Casiquari, Pacimoni, Huallaga, and Pastaza, as also to the cataraacts of the Orinoco, along the eastern side of the Andes of Peru and Ecuador, and the shores of the Pacific, during the years 1849-1864, edited and completed, by means of journals, letters, unpublished manuscripts, and other materials, by Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace F.R.S.; "A Commentary on the Holy Bible", by various writers, edited by the Rev. J. R. Dummelow; Sir Henry J. Wrixon's "The Religion of the Common Man"; and Dr. E. Westermarck's second volume on "The Origin and Development of the Moral Ideas". In the department of fiction Messrs. Macmillan promise B. L. Putnam Weale's "The Forbidden Boundary and other Stories", F. Marion Crawford's "The Diva's Ruby", Rhoda Broughton's "Mamma", Ouida's last novel "Helianthus", Dr. S. Weir Mitchell's "The Red City" (a novel of the second Administration of Washington), and a fortnightly volume in the first collected edition of the novels of Henry James, with a new preface and a frontispiece in photogravure to each volume. Among the Christmas Books which Messrs. Macmillan announce is Mrs. Molesworth's "Fairies—of Sorts".

Messrs. Longmans and Co. will issue "The Journal of Elizabeth Lady Holland", roughly from 1791 to 1811, edited by the Earl of Ilchester; a collection of Lecky's Essays on History, the Empire, Carlyle, Madame de Staël, Queen Victoria, Old Age Pensions and other subjects; "A History of English Journalism to the Foundation of the 'Gazette'", by J. B. Williams, an account on a scale never before attempted of the origin and early history of English newspapers; "In Morocco with General d'Amade", by Major Rankin, illustrated with photographs taken in the field, and a pen-and-ink sketch of Abd-el-Aziz by Mr. W. B. Harris; "A Memoir of Thomas George, Earl of Northbrook", by Bernard Mallet, who has received valuable assistance from Lord Cromer, Sir Edward Grey, and others; "The Maid of France", being the story of the life and death of Jeanne d'Arc, by Andrew Lang; an Albany Edition of "The Life and Letters of Lord Macaulay", by Sir George Otto Trevelyan, with fresh notes, several additional appendices, and a new chapter giving a selection, some parts of which have never yet been published, from the remarks pencilled by Macaulay on the blank spaces of volumes that he read; "Life and Sport in Hampshire", by G. A. B. Dewar, illustrated by Archibald Thorburn and others; and "Memorials of Two Sisters: Susanna and Catherine Winkworth", edited by their niece, Margaret J. Shaen. Miss Shaen's book will appeal to all who are interested in the religious life of England in the 'fifties and 'sixties, and will contain letters from Maurice, James Martineau, Baron Bunsen, Mazzini, and Charlotte Brontë.

Among the forthcoming publications of the Oxford University Press are John Stow's "Survey of London", edited, with an introduction and notes, by C. L. Kingsford; "Folk-Memory; or, The Continuity of British Archaeology", by Walter Johnson; "The Ethical Aspect of Evolution", regarded as the parallel growth of opposite tendencies, by W. Bennett; "The Physics of Earthquake Phenomena", by C. G. Knott; and "The Management of Private Affairs", by Joseph King, F. T. R. Bigham, M. L. Gwyer, Edwin Cannan, J. S. C. Bridge, and A. M. Latter. In the Oxford Library of Translations will be included "Virgil", translated by John Jackson; Plato's "Republic", translated, with an introduction and analysis, by Benjamin Jowett; "Hesiod", translated, with an introduction and appendices, by A. W. Mair; "Statius Silvae", translated, with an introduction and notes, by D. A. Slater; and S. Bernard on "Consideration", translated, with introduction and notes, by George Lewis.

(Continued on page x.)



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The *Athenaeum* of March 28, in reviewing the first volume of the Re-issue, said:—"The series has long been appreciated by every scholar who has had anything to do with the history or biography of his own country. The popular writer appears learned by its means, and the expert differs from its results and verdicts with trepidation. It is a monument of wonderful organisation and scholarly restraint, and its mere existence in this age of hasty and ill-considered compilation is an encouragement to the 'honourable minority' who do not scamp their work, and know what real research and criticism are."

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Messrs. Chapman and Hall are collecting Mr. W. B. Yeats' Complete Works in Verse and Prose, in eight volumes. The edition will contain portraits by John S. Sargent R.A., Signor Mancini, Charles Shannon, J. B. Yeats. It will be printed at the Shakespeare Head Press, Stratford-on-Avon, and the works will be divided: Vol. I., Poems Lyrical and Narrative; Vols. II., III. and IV., Plays; Vol. V., The Celtic Twilight, and Stories of Red Hanrahan; Vol. VI., Ideas of Good and Evil; Vol. VII., The Secret Rose, John Sherman, and Dhoya; Vol. VIII., Miscellanies; the last comprising (1) a series of papers bearing the title "Discoveries", (2) various critical essays. A Bibliography of the author's writings will be supplied by Allan Wade. Other volumes in Messrs. Chapman and Hall's list are "Memories and Moods of an Old Sportsman", by W. B. Woodgate; "The Gay Gordons: some Strange Adventures of an Historic Family", by J. M. Bulloch; two anthologies (1) "The Magic Casement", a book of fairy poems, giving glimpses of the world beyond the casement, selected and arranged with introduction by Alfred Noyes, (2) "The Minstrelsy of Isis", an anthology of poems relating to Oxford and all phases of Oxford life, selected and arranged by J. B. Firth; "Dramas and Diversions", by W. L. Courtney; Charles G. Harper's "Half-Hours with Highwaymen", being picturesque biographies and traditions of the knights of the road, illustrated by Paul Hardy and by the author, and from old prints; "The Life and Times of Simon Fraser: Lord Lovat", by W. C. Mackenzie; and new and cheaper editions of "My Life: a Record of Events and Opinions", by Alfred Russel Wallace, and "Women of the Church of England", by Mrs. Aubrey Richardson. Messrs. Chapman and Hall's new novels include Maurice Hewlett's "Halfway House: a Comedy of Degrees"; Arnold Bennett's "The Old Wives' Tale"; Ella Macmahon's "The Court of Conscience"; and Percy White's "The Rescuer".

Messrs. Smith, Elder have some interesting volumes forthcoming during October or very shortly after. Among them are "At Large", by Arthur C. Benson; "The Early History of the Tories, from 1660 to 1702", by C. B. Roylance Kent; "Recollections of a Life in the British Army", by General Sir Richard Harrison G.C.B.; "The Man of the Mask: a Study in the By-ways of History", by the Very Rev. Arthur Stapylton Barnes M.A.; "The Life of Mirabeau", by S. G. Tallentyre; "Percy, Prelate and Poet", by Alice C. C. Gausson, with a Preface by Sir George Douglas; "Episodes in the Lives of a Shropshire Lass and Lad", by Lady Catherine Milnes-Gaskell; "The Human Woman", by Lady Grove; "The Story of Majorca and Minorca", by Sir Clements R. Markham K.C.B., F.R.S.; "Selected Speeches: Political and Forensic", by Sir Edward Clarke K.C.; "Château and Country Life in France", by Mary King Waddington; "On the Coromandel Coast", by Mrs. Frank Penny; and "The Origin of the Sense of Beauty", by Felix Clay, Architect to the Board of Education. The new fiction which Messrs. Smith, Elder have nearly ready comprises "Catherine's Child", by Mrs. Henry de la Pasture; "The Green Parrot", by Bernard E. J. Capes; "The House of the Crickets", by Katherine Tynan; "Tormentilla: The Road to Gretna Green", by Dorothea Deakin; and "The Wounds of a Friend", by Dora Greenwell McChesney.

Messrs. Blackwood have fixed next Monday for the publication of Mr. Perceval Gibbon's new story "Salvator".

From Messrs. Constable's list we select "The Making of Canada, 1763-1814", by A. G. Bradley, the author of "The Fight with France for North America"; "In the Days of the Councils", by Eustace J. Kitts, who deals with the question of Church reforms in the twelfth century; "An Historical Introduction to the Marprelate Tracts", by W. M. Pierce; "The Declaration of Indulgence, 1672": a Study in the Rise of Organised Dissent, by Frank Bate M.A., with an Introduction by C. H. Firth M.A.; "Aeneas Silvius, Pope Pius II.", by W. Boulting; "Human Nature in Politics", by Graham Wallas; "Nadir Shah", by Sir H. Mortimer Durand; "Six Masters of Disillusion", by Algar Thorald; "Plays, Acting and Music", a book of theory by Arthur Symons; "English Heraldic Book Stamps", by Cyril Davenport F.S.A.; "The Secrets of our National Literature": Chapters in the History of the Anonymous and Pseudonymous Writings of our Countrymen, by William Prideaux Courtney; "First and Last Things", by H. G. Wells. Messrs. Constable's new novels include "Lewis Rand", by Mary Johnston; and "Maya", by P. Laurence Oliphant.

The first announcement on Mr. William Heinemann's autumn list is "The Life of James McNeill Whistler", by E. R. and J. Pennell. Mr. Heinemann will also issue, among other works, "The Development of Modern Art", a comparative study of the formative arts, being a contribution to a new system of aesthetics, by Julius Meier-Graefe, from the German by Florence Simmonds and George W. Chrystal; "Dan to Beersheba", by Archibald R. Colquhoun; "My Story", by Hall Caine; "Romances of the French Revolution", by G. Lenotre; "Recollections of Baron de Frénilly, Peer of France, 1768-1828", edited with an introduction and notes by Arthur Chuquet,

translated by Frederic Lees; "Art in the British Isles", by Sir Walter Armstrong, the first of a series which is to deal with the art of various countries and times.

Messrs. A. and C. Black as usual are making a feature of books illustrated in colours, such as "From Damascus to Palmyra", by John Kelman; "John Pettie R.A.", by Martin Hardie; "The Flowers and Gardens of Japan", painted by Ella Du Cane, described by Florence Du Cane; "Ancient Tales and Folk-lore of Japan", by Richard Gordon Smith, who has collected the stories during many years of travel in Japan; "New Zealand", painted by the brothers F. and W. Wright, described by the Hon. W. P. Reeves, High Commissioner for New Zealand; "Haunts of Ancient Peace", by Alfred Austin, containing full-page illustrations in colour by Agnes Locke; "The Light Side of Egypt", painted and described by Lance Thackeray. There seems to be no end to the Besant books on London, and Messrs. Black have ready another—"London in the Nineteenth Century".

Messrs. Methuen's new list includes Dr. Bode's "Florentine Sculptors of the Renaissance", translated by Miss Jessie Haynes, which will be added to their series of "Classics of Art". Dr. Bode is the Director of the German National Gallery. The fifth and final volume of Alexandre Dumas' Memoirs will be ready shortly. Messrs. Methuen are starting their "Romantic History" series, which is edited by Major Hume, with "Two English Queens and Philip", by Major Hume himself, who tells the story of the desperate attempts of Philip II. of Spain to save his country and his cause by obtaining control of English policy under the two Tudor Queens.

Messrs. Bell have just issued a book that during the coming season will probably secure even more attention than last year's "Peter Pan Picture Book"—that is "The Pinafore Picture Book", in which the story of H.M.S. "Pinafore" is told by Sir W. S. Gilbert, and illustrated by Miss A. B. Woodward, who did the Peter Pan pictures. Mr. J. Holland Rose has written the "Life of William Pitt" in two volumes. Mrs. Ewing's "Six to Sixteen" and "A Flat Iron for a Farthing" are being added to the Queen's Treasure series, and a companion book to "Pewter Plate" will be "Sheffield Plate: its History, Manufacture and Art", by H. N. Veitch. The last volume in Mr. Temple Scott's edition of Swift will be ready immediately.

Messrs. Jack have purchased "Pannell's Reference Book" and will re-issue it as "Jack's Reference Book". The book has already made a place for itself; it consists of over a thousand pages of small type, and by keeping the type standing the publishers will be able to issue new and up-to-date editions as often as necessary. The same publishers announce the issue in parts of a selection of representative pictures in the National Gallery. The collection, printed in large size and full colours, will cover every country and school, the editors being: Italian, Mr. Paul G. Konody; English, Mr. Maurice Brockwell; Dutch, Mr. F. W. Lippmann. They will contribute critical and explanatory notes. Messrs. Jack are also about to publish "New Zealand", by Reginald Horsley, and "India", by Victor Surridge, in their "Romance of Empire" series. In October they promise "Scottish Painting: Past and Present", by James L. Caw, Director of the National Galleries of Scotland, who covers three hundred years of Scottish art.

Messrs. Chatto and Windus—who have this week issued Mr. Swinburne's "The Age of Shakespeare"—will have ready in October Mr. Wilfrid Raynal's edition in modern English of Thomas à Kempis' "Of the Imitation of Christ" as translated by Richard Whytford; a new edition of J. W. Arnold's "The Little Flowers of S. Francis of Assisi"; a topographical history of the city of S. Francis by Mrs. Robert Goff, with an essay on the influence of the Franciscan Legend on Italian Art by J. Kerr-Lawson; "Venice in the Eighteenth Century", by Philippe Monier, and "The Colour of Paris", by M.M. les Académiciens Goncourt, translated by M. D. Frost and illustrated in colours by Yoshio Markino. Messrs. Chatto have many art books in preparation.

Messrs. George Allen are publishing Mr. Andrew Carnegie's new volume to be called "Problems of To-day". Mr. Carnegie is particularly interested in the books which Mr. Keir Hardie and Mr. Philip Snowden have lately written on Socialism, and discusses many of the points they raise. Lord Dunsany's book "The Sword of Welleren", a volume of Miss Jane Barlow's poems, and Mrs. Anna Lee Merritt's book on Gardens will appear through the same firm. Mrs. Merritt is the painter of the famous picture "Love Locked Out" which the Chantry Bequest purchased.

Mr. Edward Arnold will publish on October 7 the Reminiscences of Mrs. George Cornwallis West (Lady Randolph Churchill). Mrs. West does not believe in reticence. She says: "Having been favoured by Providence with delightful and absorbing experiences, having travelled all over the world

(Continued on page xii.)



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and met many of the most distinguished people of my generation, why should I not record all that I can about them, and about the stirring things I have seen or shared in doing? I have done so." On the same day Mr. Arnold will issue Miss Sedgwick's new novel "Amabel Channice". "Eighteen Years in Uganda and East Africa", by Bishop Tucker of Uganda, and "On Safari: Big-Game Hunting in British East Africa, with Studies in Bird Life", by Abel Chapman, are two other books which Mr. Arnold has in hand.

Mr. John Lane's long list of autumn announcements includes "Napoleon and the Archduke Charles", a history of the Franco-Austrian campaign in the valley of the Danube in 1809, by F. Loraine Petre, who has already given us two books on Napoleon's campaigns; and "Louis Napoleon and the Genesis of the Second Empire", being a life of Napoleon III. down to the date of his election to the Presidency of the Republic in 1848, by F. H. Cheetham. "Two Dianas in Alaska", by Agnes Herbert and a Shikari, is a record of the further adventures of the Two Dianas of Somaliland fame. Miss Herbert and her companions chartered a sealing schooner, which they left at the mouth of the Kuskoquim on the Behring Sea. They trekked across the Divide to the mountainous district lying between the Kuskoquim and Sushitna rivers, and so made their way down to the Pacific Coast. Another book of travel is "Kashmir: the Land of Streams and Solitudes", by P. Pirie, illustrated by H. R. Pirie. Author and artist had special permits from the Government of India, thus being enabled to cover ground often forbidden to the ordinary traveller. "Birds of the Plains", by Douglas Dewar—a study of Indian birds—is, we are told, "one long protest against the dogmatism of modern Darwinism". "Some Women Loving or Luckless", by Teodor de Wyzewa, translated from the French by C. H. Jeaffreson, deals with some of the wives of King Henry VIII., Caroline Matilda (the victim of the Struensee), Mary Queen of Scots, Mary Wollstonecraft, Costanza Monti and other women who loved "not wisely but too well". "The 'Londoners' of the British Fleet: Events and Deeds of Arms in the Annals of a Name of old renown at Sea", by Edward Fraser, just issued, tells not only the story of battleships bearing the name of "London", but what Londoners have done for the Navy in the past.

The winner of Mr. Fisher Unwin's First Novel competition has been announced, and the book will naturally figure prominently in the publisher's autumn arrangements. It is called "The Woman and the Sword", and is by "Rupert Lorraine". Among Mr. Unwin's autumn books are "Pre-Historic Rhodesia", an examination of the ethnological and archaeological evidences as to the origin and age of rock mines and stone buildings, with a gazetteer of mediæval South-East Africa, by R. N. Hall, author of "The Ancient Ruins of Rhodesia", who intends the work to be a reply to the conclusions of Dr. Randall Maciver as to the origin and age of the Rhodesian ruins and gold mines; "The Rise and Progress of the South American Republics", by George W. Crichfield; "The Evolution of Modern Germany", by W. Harbutt Dawson; a new edition of "My Climbs in the Alps and Caucasus", by A. F. Mummery, with illustrations by Joseph Pennell and others, and introductions by Mrs. Mummery and J. A. Hobson; "The Scenery of Sherwood Forest", with some account of the eminent families once resident there, and an essay on Robin Hood, by Joseph Rodgers; "The Sisters of Napoleon", edited from the French of Joseph Turquan by W. R. H. Trowbridge; "A Royal Quartette", by Mrs. Bearne, who deals with Marie Adelaide, Duchess of Burgundy, the young Savoyarde Princess of the Court of Louis XIV., Madame Adelaide, daughter of Louis XV., Marie Amélie of Naples, the exiled Queen of the French, and Maria Luisa, the Spanish Infanta who was the puppet and victim of Napoleon; the third volume of J. J. Jusserand's "Literary History of the English People"; "A Literary History of Russia", by Professor A. Brückner of Berlin, edited by Ellis H. Minns, M.A., translated by H. Havelock, M.A.; and "A Literary History of Rome, from the Origins to the Close of the Golden Age", by J. Wight Duff, M.A., the last two being new volumes in the Library of Literary History.

One of Messrs. Dent and Co.'s forthcoming books is "Memoirs of Comte de Rambuteau", who was Napoleon's chamberlain. The volume should throw some light upon Napoleon's character. It will contain many photogravures made specially in France.

Mr. Eveleigh Nash has secured the English rights of the Memoirs of Mlle. George, by Paul Cheramy, which he will publish under the title "A Favourite of Napoleon". Mr. Nash has also in hand "Rousseau and the Women he Loved", by Francis Gribble; "The Life of an Empress"—the Empress Eugénie—by Frédéric Loliée; "The King who Never Reigned"—Louis XVII.; "The Wife of Lafayette", by Mrs. Macdermot Crawford; "The Making of Carlyle", by R. S. Craig; and "Problems of the Middle East", by Angus Hamilton.

(Continued on page xiv.)

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Messrs. Hurst and Blackett will publish in October Mr. Douglas Sladen's new book on "Egypt and the English". Mr. Sladen, who has just returned from an extended tour through the country, seeks to show that we are in grave danger of losing our hold on Egypt, partly through the action of British Governments and partly through the work of native seditious agitation. Mr. Sladen deals with the achievements of administration in the Sudan, and Gordon's career in Khartoum, it is said, will be treated from an entirely fresh point of view. The same publishers will have ready next month Justin Huntly McCarthy's new novel "The Gorgeous Borgial".

Mr. Grant Richards is issuing "The Essays of Michael Lord of Montaigne" (John Florio's translation), edited by Thomas Seccombe; "Empires of the Far East: a Study of Japan and its Possessions, of China, Manchuria, and Korea, and of the Political Questions of Eastern Asia and the Pacific", by Lancelot Lawton; "From Gretna Green to Land's End", a Literary Journey in England, by K. L. Bates; "Rutland Barrington", a record of Thirty-five Years' Experience of the English Stage, by Himself, with a preface by Sir W. S. Gilbert; "Health, Strength, and Happiness: a Book of Practical Advice", by C. W. Saleeby M.D.; "The Menace of Socialism", by W. Lawler Wilson; and "Some Threepenny Bits", by G. W. E. Russell.

Messrs. Cassell will publish Mr. Foster Fraser's new book entitled "Life's Contrasts", describing the lives of rich and poor in different parts of the world. Mr. Fraser has gleaned his material during twenty years of journalism in many lands. Mr. W. J. Bean, assistant curator, has written an historical and descriptive account of Kew Gardens, to be published under the title "The Royal Botanic Gardens, Kew", and Mr. Richard Whiteing has a study of "Little People" in all ranks, from peer to peasant.

Mr. Elkin Mathew, besides additions to the Satchel series and new editions of the poems of Mary E. Coleridge and Hartley Coleridge, will issue "The Shadow of the Raggedstone" (a romance of the Malvern Range, twelfth century), by Charles F. Grindrod, with cover design by Austin O. Spare; "London Visions", by Laurence Binyon, collected and augmented; "My Garden", by J. T. Prior, with large collotype plates; "The Tragedy of Saint Elizabeth of Hungary", by Arthur Dillon; and "The Masque of the Grail", by Ernest Rhys.

Messrs. Nisbet have ready "Fact and Faith", a volume of Studies, by the Rev. J. G. Simpson, Principal of the Clergy School, Leeds; "Our Three Classes", by Caroline M. Hallett; and Mr. J. F. Bullen's "Young Nemesis: a Story of Piracy for Men and Boys". "The Gist of the Lessons for 1903", by R. A. Torrey, will be issued in October.

Mr. John Milne's list is largely made up of novels by Edwin Pugh, G. Sidney Paternoster, and others. "The Heart of the Wild" is a series of Life Studies from Near and Far by S. L. Bensusan, who deals with the water-rat, giraffe, ferret, cuckoo, badger, eagle, camel, stork, wild boar, fighting bull, red grouse, seal, roebuck and flamingo in their native haunts.

The Walter Scott Publishing Company, by way, to quote their own words, of supplying "an antidote to baneful scrappy literature", are preparing a new illustrated edition of "Wilson's Tales of the Borders", in twenty-four volumes. They are also giving a new edition of Ibsen, in six volumes, under Mr. Archer's editorship.

Mr. Duckworth in December will issue No. 1 of a new half-crown monthly, to be called "The English Review".

For this Week's Books see page 402.



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home by the long ways of the sea, round Cape Tarifa, through the Mediterranean, and up the Adriatic to the Lido, and into Venice with the rise of the tide.

Certainly seen in his own land the bearing of a gondola is magnificent. Easily moved to anger, they are splendid even in their wrath. Nothing else dares to dispute with them the right of the ways of Venice except the steamers on the Grand Canal. When these go by the gondolas stand absolutely motionless at their moorings with their disdainful heads in the air. But a moment afterwards their fury vents itself, they toss their stately heads and stamp on the water; they, the descendants of the old sea-horses, whose crests they bear to-day, to be disturbed by the snorts of a modern ship made out of machinery without a soul! And they jostle and quarrel with one another in their fury, and the gondoliers awake from sleep and swear, and for a long time there is anger among the gondolas.

In spring and summer as soon as the night has fallen lanterns are lit on rafts out in the open lagoon and men and women sing. Then from the palaces whereby they are stabled and from little alleys and by-ways of the sea the nodding gondolas come one by one, peering towards the lights. And more and more glide quietly in, all nodding as they come, and draw themselves up in rows all round the music, like great wise moths that some beautiful candle has lured out of the night who are content to watch it without ruin. And gathered there around the music and lights their shapely heads lift slowly, sleepily up and fall again in rhythm to the faint echo of the throb of the pulse of the Adriatic elate with some far-off storm.

No two gondolas are alike. You tell them by their faces as one tells men, and the steel face of every gondola differs from every other in Venice.

I am fond of the gondolas. I know that the great steamships whom the gondolas despise and who hate the gondolas can move much faster than any one of them—if one must needs be in a hurry. I know that the whole system under which the gondolas exist is an artificial one. I know that the Adriatic will one day sweep away the mud-banks and overwhelm Venice and that not one gondola will ever weather that storm.

Nevertheless, I love the gondolas. For they have in their hearts the pride of the old sea-horses, and theirs is the grace of princely bygone times. And they have carried me into their favourite haunts, to and fro through little darkening ways where strange faces peer from little windows and songs begin to arise, when the sunset unseen from the waterways is turning the palaces into haunts of faery in which dwelt the princes of Once-upon-a-time and the people of Over-the-hills-and-far-away.

All this the bats know, who the whole day long hang silent under marmorean eaves but at sunset drop head downwards from their homes, when all the bugles speak in foreign tongues and the great alien vessels furl their flags, and the bats pass up and down and to and fro and know all the ways of Venice.

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### THE SPARROW CLUB.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Devonshire Club, 4 September 1908.

SIR,—It is most refreshing on arriving from an effete, played-out country such as Spain, in which the national amusement is the barbarous and brutal bull-fight, to find that the right Imperial, Bersekir spirit still inspires the Anglo-Saxon race.

It is only by constant recourse to wild and exhilarating field sports that the warlike spirit of a nation can be maintained.

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The sparrow has always been one of the most deadly enemies of the human race.

Mr. Hudson, in his mischievous and Machiavellian poem "The London Sparrow", inspired no doubt either in collusion with the sparrow himself or from deep-seated Jesuitical motives which only the future can reveal, has attempted to conceal the real reasons which induced this insidious bird to forsake the green hedgerows and leafy elms, all fellowship with its own kind, and to cleave to man in the gloom and stench of London.

He really came to carry infection about the town and to distract our attention from the cruel wrong that was being done us by the branch of his family that had elected to remain in the country.

Who that has passed through rural England—that drear and desolated land in which the blood-sucking squire and the hypocritical parson grind the faces of the poor, that land in which from the parlours of every public-house the clank of the chains of the prisoners of aristocratic and ecclesiastical tyranny grates on the soul—that has not observed row after row of well-thatched little barns round every cornfield?

What happy man who by means of some disguise or other has been able to elude the vigilance of the plundering dukes who bar all access to the soil, and has actually got his foot upon the land, that has not observed at early dawn the rising sun obscured by a myriad army of well-disciplined sparrows?

All day long (as I am assured by a man who in the disguise of a Wesleyan minister once penetrated to the land) the hellish clatter of the millions of harpies almost drowned the groans of the oppressed peasantry.

In ranks, in files, in rows, platoons, battalions, brigades and phalanxes, they gather the crops which have been sown by the hapless and ill-nurtured agricultural labourer, under the knout of the unfeeling taskmaster of the grasping landlord.

More than this, by evensong it is all stored away in the aforesaid neatly thatched little barns.

Then, so deeply seated is the malevolence of this ill-omened bird, all that remains over, after his own bestial debauch is disposed of, against the true principles of Free Trade (or it may be of Protection) to German sparrows who sneak across the sea under the guise of chaffinches.

The evil must be extirpated by the root.

As the Spanish proverb says, Honour and profit are rarely to be found in one bag.

Luckily, here is an instance in which they are conjoined.

Philately was good enough as a pursuit for the young when the staple industry of our country was not in danger.

At the present juncture I look to the youth of England to rise as one boy with its shot-guns, catapults (if such things now exist), pistols, popguns and all other kinds of music, to attack the enemy.

The service of a few active lads from the Balearic Islands, from which I have just returned, and where I witnessed their great proficiency, might be engaged to teach our youth the art of slinging.

It will be a happy day when the dream of Mr. Kipling is fulfilled and our youth no longer wastes its time with cricket and football, but is out early in the fields like the Spartans of old fighting the national enemy, the sparrow. No doubt their beneficent efforts need not be entirely devoted to the destruction of the genus of the *Passeres* alone.

All other kinds of birds would no doubt fall to their weapons, and thus a state of things for which we are all longing would come to pass and England be left a birdless land in which no obscepe twittering and whistling ever disturbed the conscientious agriculturist.

The sport would be lucrative as well as beneficial, for not only would our children grow up "blooded" from their tenderest years, but as scalp-money would no doubt be paid in due time by the county councils, they would be able to add to the parental income.

I look forward confidently to the time when the large hats worn by ladies, which are now comparatively ungarnished, will be set thick as leaves in Vallombrosa with the heads and bodies of these enemies of the human race.

I also look forward to the time when every kind of creeping and winged insect will be able to increase and

multiply unchecked, and take its rightful place in the community.

God bless this National Sparrow Club. It has not been formed one instant too soon.

Yours faithfully,

R. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM.

#### UNIONISTS AND PARTY LOYALTY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Kingston, Glasgow, 21 September 1908.

SIR,—“Fidelis” admires—as other readers no doubt admire—the independence displayed by the SATURDAY REVIEW in dealing with political questions. When, however, a Unionist member of Parliament reveals something of the same spirit, your correspondent discovers in the manifestation a departure calling for dire political penalties. It is no defence, it appears, to show that if the offender had, in a given instance, followed his leaders, he would have done violence to his cherished convictions, and been recreant to the principles he had proclaimed both on the platform and in the House of Commons during a lengthened public career. Nor would it be any palliation of his delinquency to remind your correspondent that he has—to use the words of that fair and influential Unionist journal the “Glasgow Herald”—“long been an independent ally, so to say, of the Unionist party rather than one of its rank and file”. Such considerations, which seem to have appealed to others concerned, only make the case all the worse in the estimation of “Fidelis”.

Does he, I wonder, remember the period when the Conservative party did not disdain to form an alliance with Liberal anti-Home Rulers (including Mr. Cameron Corbett) whose views on many questions were notoriously at variance with Conservative principles? The situation is of course different to-day, but the Home Rule danger has not passed away, and I ask, can the Unionist party yet afford to enforce a standard of party loyalty such as that prescribed by your correspondent? Only one answer, I believe, will be returned by those who still put the cause of the Union before all other issues.

“Fidelis” has, in discussing the position in Tradeston, been at a disadvantage in not possessing full information on the subject. He should know that there is a strong Liberal Unionist Association in the division. The decision came to by that body was that Mr. Cameron Corbett should not be asked to resign at the present time. Now supposing the Conservative Association had afterwards acted on your correspondent’s advice and “demanded” his resignation, would the Unionist cause, does he suppose, have gained anything by the breach between the two sections that had hitherto worked harmoniously together? I daresay “Fidelis” would have run all risks if only he could have managed to inflict a little bit of humiliation on Tradeston’s parliamentary representative. In my opinion the Conservatives in the division have shown more wisdom in the difficulty than has their Middle Temple adviser.

I remain, Sir, your obedient servant,

W. C. MURISON.

#### THE GILDED LILY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Kilfinichen, Pennyghael, Mull, N.B.,  
17 September 1908.

SIR,—The writer of the article entitled “The Gilded Lily” in your issue of 29 August is quite correct in saying that this lily grows best under cover of other plants which give its flowers, which are perhaps unduly heavy in proportion to the stem bearing them, the shelter and support which they require. But in assuming, as he appears to do, that it is a hothouse plant and calls for the most delicate culture, he seems to speak without knowledge of the plant outside of a greenhouse.

Here in the south of Mull, protected only by the stone wall of a Scotch garden, it grows well in the open

air year after year. Several plants have blossomed regularly for nearly forty years, and in favourable seasons the number of flowers on a single stem has exceeded fifteen, the height attained by the stem being over six feet.

The writer of the article may be interested to hear that a favourite spot for this lily in Japan is a cliff overhanging the sea, where the high grass gives it all the shelter it needs; it grows equally well at an elevation of three thousand feet and at sea-level; and so sturdy is its nature that the peasants in many places cultivate it as a vegetable in open ground for the sake of its edible root.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

TRAVELLER.

#### THE EUCHARISTIC CONGRESS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Union Club, Birmingham, 21 September 1908.

SIR,—The Eucharistic Congress that has recently been held in London is the nineteenth of its kind. The programme of the Congresses has been the same whether held in a Catholic or in any other stronghold, and it has always closed with an open-air procession of the Blessed Sacrament.

It is surely a little unworthy of you, then, to suggest in your article on the subject last week that the chief aim of the Catholics in carrying out this programme in London was advertisement. Surely the reiterated statement of its promoters that it was not so, that the real objects were to give glory to God and to stimulate the devotion of the faithful, is entitled to some consideration.

I do not mean that we entertain no hopes that conversions will follow upon it. Believing in the truth of our religion, we shall always rejoice if any actions of ours lead others to share its consolations. But I do mean that if all Great Britain had been Catholic the programme of the Nineteenth Eucharistic Congress would have been precisely the same.

Yours &c.

J. B. MARSHALL.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Devonshire Club, 24 September 1908.

SIR,—In your article on the Eucharistic Procession, I observe with deep regret that the word “Catholic” was frequently applied without the adjective “Roman” to the Papal Communion in England. It is nice no doubt to be courteous, but courtesy to the Roman in this case involves a real injustice to the true branch of the Catholic Church in this country and misleads the man in the street.

Your obedient servant,

CATHOLIC, BUT NOT ROMAN.

#### THE SOLEMNITY OF BREAKFAST.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Your article on conversation at breakfast reminds me of an Irish legal luminary of caustic and biting wit. Keen and hard of intellect, he would of an evening delight all but the victim with his cutting thrusts, and as night wore on his brilliancy increased with his triumphs. Bright and unclouded, he saw all the others out. But in the morning never a word spake he. A little paler perhaps, and with a slight frown upon his brow, he appeared to take breakfast as a duty, opening his lips only to eat and drink. Half an hour later, hardly looking up from his morning paper, he spoke for the first time, muttering half to himself, “Not a death worth a damn”.

Yours faithfully,

K. W.



## REVIEWS.

## THE GENIUS OF FRANCIS THOMPSON.

"Selected Poems of Francis Thompson." London: Methuen and Burns and Oates. 1908. 5s. net.

FRANCIS THOMPSON'S work is small in bulk and of such excellence in its own kind that no selection can be satisfactory except to those who have not time for more—and they will be wise not to trouble about poetry, especially about Thompson's. For no man's verse, even in this age of recluse poetry, is so obviously and vauntingly remote from yesterday and to-day and to-morrow. His very style keeps the crowd at arm's length and must ever do as Donne's and Crashaw's have done. This was a necessity of his spirit, and his clearly autobiographical poems paint a man more familiar with Eternity than Time. A few children, a woman like De Quincey's Ann, and another, were all that stood between him and the Hound of Heaven which, in his most imaginative poem, pursues him through the world. As for man and woman, he has known

"The hold that falls not when the town is got,  
The heart's heart, whose immured plot  
Hath keys yourself keep not".

In "The Hound of Heaven" he gives a terrible reality to the idea of the flight of a hunted spirit like Cowper's stricken deer. There is more reality in the spiritual world of that poem than there is in the sun, the flowers, the women's faces, of his other poems. Whether or not "Daisy" is as early as Mr. Meynell seems to imply, it is nearly the only poem where he has presented things very much as they are seen by the eyes in the light of the sun, and, exquisite as the feeling of that poem is, he is never quite at ease with the ballad measure. It opens in a manner little different from that of many other men. The child Daisy is a young hearty girl, very visible and alive, when the vision of her is spoiled by the comparison:

"Her skin was like a grape, whose veins  
Run snow instead of wine".

Those lines at once lift her into that curious enchanted chamber where Thompson converted the so-called real into the unreal, and the so-called unreal into the real. The life of the girl is lost in this image; just as, by the reverse process, an idea receives a life and a spirit in "The Hound of Heaven". When he said, in the beautiful "Portrait",

"How should I gauge what beauty is her dole,  
Who cannot see her countenance for her soul,  
As birds see not the casement for the sky",

he was speaking no more than the truth. Like Crashaw and Shelley he clothed things invisible with a visible glory. Only a spiritual man who was imperfectly or fantastically or not at all prompted by the physical could have written

"His" [Man's] "heart is builded  
For pride, for potency, infinity,  
All heights, all deeps, and all immensities,  
Arrased with purple like the house of Kings,  
To stall the grey-rat, and the carrion-worm  
Statelily lodge".

That he should have remembered the look of the bare heart in the dissecting-room and yet been able to compose that delicate variation upon a commonplace is extraordinary, or would be in any other man. As a rule it may fairly be said of him that he wrote like one who had closed his eyes upon the visible and passing world and had taken it into his own heart and there practised upon it strange alchemy. It is an angel, a spectator from a distant star, rather than a man thinking himself a citizen of no mean planet—it is one, as he says, "unsharing in the liberal laugh of earth"—that writes of the sun as a golden bee stinging the West to angry red, as a lion leaping at the throat of the dusk, and makes the earth a sort of dragon filling its mouth "with nations", or calls it a tellurian galleon

"Riding at anchor off the orient sun"

Only in the "Corymbus for Autumn" can he give the earth a real majesty by putting it into the hands of "the solemn thurifer",

"The mighty Spirit unknown,  
That swingeth the slow earth before the embannered Throne".

How far these curiosities of vision were defects of language it is perhaps impossible to decide. That he was a self-conscious workman in words, like Chatterton or Keats, there can be no doubt, and sometimes when he seems only to be toying with words as in a simile he is led into profound truth by what looks like divine good fortune. The end of "The Poppy" is the best example of this, and it is worth quoting entire:

"The sleep-flower sways in the wheat its head,  
Heavy with dreams, as that with bread:  
The goodly grain and the sun-flushed sleeper  
The reaper reaps, and Time the reaper.

"I hang 'mid men my needless head,  
And my fruit is dreams, as theirs is bread:  
The goodly men and the sun-hazed sleeper  
Time shall reap; but after the reaper  
The world shall glean of me, me the sleeper!

"Love, love! your flower of withered dream  
In leaved rhyme lies safe, I deem,  
Sheltered and shut in a nook of rhyme,  
From the reaper man, and his reaper Time.

"Love! I fall into the claws of Time:  
But lasts within a leaved rhyme  
All that the world of me esteems—  
My withered dreams, my withered dreams."

At its extreme, Thompson's language is the most luxuriant that has been used by a poet of note, and we have to be grateful to him for a great delight. But it is an encrusted luxuriance, applied from the outside and not flesh of its flesh and bone of its bone with the idea or the image. There are passages where the reader inevitably translates them into other words expressive of the same idea before he is perfectly sure what they mean. The language of such a verse as this—

"I will not perturbate  
My Paradisal state  
With praise  
Of thy dead days"—

is a dead language where Thompson's seclusion among words and dreams is not justified. This is the domain of rhetoric, and there Thompson can be superb, perhaps supreme. It is by rhetoric, derived as it is from the true imagination of Blake, that he expresses the essence of his own view in the hitherto unpublished poem where he speaks of

"... The traffic of Jacob's ladder  
Pitched betwixt Heaven and Charing Cross".

For him such traffic was continuous, and the fact made one great truth with that other fact that "all the springs are flash-lights of one spring". Not all his verses bear witness to this truth, but where they do they are of a delicate beauty that is to be found in no other poet's work.

## THE TWILIGHT OF THE GAEL.

"The History of Ireland to the Coming of Henry II." Vol. I. By Arthur Ua Clerigh M.A., K.C. London: Unwin. 1908. 10s. 6d. net.

THE publisher of this book seems to have been so startled by Mr. O'Clery's archaic manner of writing his name that he has given it a somewhat misleading title-page. The book should have been described as a "History of Ireland: Vol. I.: to the Coming of Henry II.". It gives us all that the author intends to say about Ireland before the Conquest. But, strange to say, the most interesting chapter in the book—"The Tribal Occupier and Sir John Davis"—relates to the reigns of Elizabeth and James I., when the Irish land question was created by the impact between English legal ideas (not to say legal chicane) and Gaelic tribal custom. It may be gathered that this is not a dully methodical history, and the fact is that it is not

a history in the ordinary sense. It is a series of critical essays upon the more important points suggested by the records of early Ireland, and the serious reader would do well to keep beside him some less ambitious chronicle of events. (He will find the index practically worthless and will be irritated by numerous misprints.)

Now it is an ungrateful thing for the critic to devote himself rather to what his author might have written than to the text that lies before him, and yet we should require volumes to follow the erratic course of Mr. O'Clery's erudition. The book shows wide reading (and intelligent reading), enormous industry, a dry humour, and an active, if capricious, critical faculty. Mr. O'Clery, for instance, is far too clear-sighted and too honest to reject the genuineness of Pope Adrian's donation of Ireland to Henry II., as do many modern writers who cannot overcome a Roman Catholic Nationalist's instinctive repugnance to the notion that a Pope should have authorised the English conquest of Ireland. But it is sometimes hard to understand what he really believes. As to the Ogham writing, for instance, he quotes with approval the statement that "where the Northmen never came Ogham inscriptions are never found", only to declare for the theory (which Sir John Rhys has placed on fairly firm ground) that Ogham writing in Ireland is very much older than the Norse invasions. Occasionally Mr. O'Clery's critical faculty carries him too far. It is, for example, no evidence against a mediæval writer's good faith or accuracy on an historical point that he should believe bernicle geese to grow out of barnacle shells. Many people in England believed that in the seventeenth century; in fact, Lady Fanshawe records that this story (which the French refused to believe) was "the only true thing" that Sir Kenelm Digby said at a dinner-party in Paris! Mr. O'Clery's scepticism is most pronounced when he is asked to believe anything discreditable to a lady. He distrusts the stories told (by Norse as well as Irish writers) of Gormlaith, of whom the Njals Saga says "she was the fairest of all women, and best gifted in everything that was not in her own power, but it was the talk of men that she did all things ill over which she had any power". He even discredits the accepted account of Dervorgil's elopement with Dermot of Leinster, which is usually taken to have started the train of events that ended in Strongbow's invasion. "In our judgment Dearbhforguill was taken away for safety, and as a hostage, with the consent of her family." It may be so—and we like Mr. O'Clery all the better for his no-scandal-about-Queen-Elizabeth turn of mind. (In common fairness we must record that he bases his conclusions on documents, and not on any native prudery. But the documents are seldom unanimous.)

Going back, however, to the fascinating but maddening subject of origins, we may fairly reproach our author for a want of clearness, though not, we fancy, for uncertainty as to his own mind. He has not the knack of putting things crisply, and his tall long-headed fair Gaels, who apparently were of the same stock as the Teutons (has Mr. O'Clery yet been lynched by the Gaelic League?), but spoke "the Celtic tongue" (whatever that may be), though quite a different people from the broad-headed Black Celts, which latter folk came to England but not Ireland—well, we cry you mercy! He holds the Tuatha De Danann a human tribe, not (as M. d'Arbois de Jubainville and others have it) the gods of the Gael euhemerised by Christian chroniclers into a race of pre-Gaelic conquerors of the land. But he enunciates a principle very sound so far as it takes us: that "the pure stream of tradition" was fouled by two poisons, the poison of the synchronists (who expanded the pre-Christian legends of kings and invasions into a great chronological scheme parallel with the events of Old Testament history) and that of the etymologists, who made havoc of genealogies.

The peculiar interest and difficulty of what we may call pre-historic Irish history is this, that there is a far more copious stock of legends, and a greater abundance of pre-historic remains, in Ireland than in any other country of Western Europe. The legends reach us only as edited by Christian monks, while the dolmens and raths still give material for archaeological and anthropological research. Occasionally the evidence coincides: on the scene of a legendary battlefield the

tumuli are still visible. But the problem is to extend historical knowledge (or guesswork) by a patient and careful comparison of legends with earthworks. Mr. O'Clery does not help us much, but at any rate he knows that the problem exists, whereas popular writers, from Moore onwards, content themselves with recapitulating the old stories and never dream of looking through the antiquarian journals which record the progress of excavation and interpretation.

When we leave the annals we find two cycles of heroic legend. The sagas of Cuchulain and the Red Branch Heroes show us an aristocracy living a Homeric life in Ulster, using the war-chariot (like Cæsar's Britons), and constantly fighting the rest of Ireland. These Ultonians do not fit into the later system under which a High King of Ireland reigned at Tara, and it seems to be certain that their descendants were driven from Armagh by alien invaders from Meath. Are we then to believe that the finest episodes in Gaelic literature centre round a non-Gaelic race? Mr. O'Clery (who blends the Emain Macha and the Tara legends) does not seem even to realise what the problem is.

The second cycle is the Fenian or Ossianic, common to Ireland and the Scottish Highlands, preserved until to-day by popular folklore (whereas the Cuchulain stories are recorded in eleventh-century manuscripts and forgotten by the people). In this Fionn MacCumhaill is the leader of a great professional militia—a sort of Mayor of the Palace commanding a Prætorian guard; he is not royal, but he decides the fate of kings. Is there any fraction of history buried in these stirring tales? Zimmer says boldly and paradoxically that the Fenian warriors are really the Norsemen, transmuted by popular fancy. But almost certainly some of the Fenian tales are earlier than the (ninth century) Norse invasions. We cannot think much of Mr. O'Clery's suggestion that the Gaelic kings of Leinster raised a professional militia. Mr. John McNeill's theory is that the pre-Gaelic people (? Iberians), who lived on as serfs, developed these stories, in which the kings of the Gael had little part. The theory helps to account for the wide diffusion and popularity among the peasantry of these particular legends. Far be it from us to attempt a pronouncement; but we must warn our readers that it is not in Mr. O'Clery's pages that they will find any account of the latest speculations.

When we get to more authentic records our author (though terribly diffuse) appears to better purpose. He has his own views on S. Patrick, which we have no space to discuss. He is sensible over the Norse invasions, and minutely erudite in matters appertaining to the development of Celtic Christianity. His chapters on the Church, in fact, deserve very careful attention. But for want of constructive skill he gives us not a finished history, but a mass of materials. We call to mind, when reading him, that the Celtic Irish produced exquisite illuminated copies of the Scriptures, but never built a cathedral.

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## SUCH STUFF AS DREAMS.

"Occultism and Common-sense." By Beckles Willson. With an Introduction by Professor W. F. Barrett F.R.S., Past President of the Society for Psychical Research. London: Laurie. 1908. 6s. net.

IT is curious that the study of psychology should have been till recently so neglected by scientists. There can be little doubt that here is a wide field of enquiry which will yield fruit of knowledge in years to come. Hitherto its soil has hardly been broken. The name occultism suggests the darker and unscientific side of psychology, and Mr. Willson, though he professes to adopt a common-sense attitude towards the wonders which he relates, makes no attempt to treat them scientifically. Indeed after reading the book through one is not altogether disposed to regard Tyndall's utterance on occultism as so outworn and unjustifiable as one was led in the first chapter to anticipate. "The world", wrote Tyndall, "will have religion of some kind, even though it should fly for it to the intellectual whoredom of spiritualism." The bulk of the book consists of cuttings from volumes of psychological evidences, and has certainly more to do with occultism than common-sense. We do not mean to imply that Mr. Willson writes with prejudice, but rather that he is half-heartedly impartial, and admittedly, if vaguely, on the side of the supernatural. For the most part his attitude towards the evidences which he has collected is purely negative. He rarely suggests an explanation and works out no theories. In fact he does not treat his material in a critical spirit at all, but leaves it an indigestible mass for the reader to assimilate if he can. At the same time he has succeeded in the rather unambitious task which by his own admission was the limit of his undertaking—"like a returned traveller to tell folks more ignorant than myself of what I had heard of wonders which each man must in the last resort see for himself and meditate upon for himself". Whatever its shortcomings the book at least affords the general public an opportunity of dipping into matter usually reserved for the spiritually initiated.

It cannot be denied that many of the stories related, attested as they are by witnesses whose credentials have been carefully examined, are interesting even to the least superstitious and certainly to the student of psychology. Many extracts are given from the investigations of the Society for Psychical Research into such subjects as dreams, hallucinations, phantasms of the dead, and hauntings. Where the book fails is in not attempting any scientific explanation of these mysteries. Yet explanation should be possible. Before solution is necessary, however, it is conceivable that much of the matter produced might be eliminated, for one cannot help feeling that most of the evidences would wear a different complexion if investigated in a less friendly spirit. The Society for Psychical Research is no doubt quite honest in its aims and the conduct of its enquiries, but its attested statements have the appearance of being collected, as it were, by counsel for the defence. What would happen if these cases were submitted as in a court of law to severe cross-examination? We shrewdly suspect that few of them would stand the ordeal. But something would undoubtedly be left, some evidences, that is to say, unexplainable by fraud, hallucination, or ordinary material circumstances. This residue should form the groundwork for some workable telepathic theory or the examination of some as yet hidden or half-explored power of mind. As to supernatural visitations the majority of mankind are right to be sceptical. Is it likely that the spirits of the departed should return invariably to perform some trivial action or make some trifling communication and never to reveal anything of the mysteries of life and death or to aid in the gropings of soul to a higher ideal? A maiden kneels at midnight in an agony of mind to her father in a general's uniform (this is the story of one of the evidences); are we seriously to suppose that these two rehearse through eternity some strongly emotional moment of their lives! The notion is childish. On the other hand so strange are the proved powers of telepathy and suggestion that it is not beyond the science of the future to explain rationally, if not such

testimony as this, at least many of the attested statements published in Mr. Willson's pages. In the interests of psychology one hopes that before long it will escape the hands of the superstitious and become the accredited domain of the level-minded scientist. In spite of its title the haze of superstition hangs too evidently about Mr. Willson's book. We must add that, in view of a letter recently written to the press by Professor Barrett, the use of that psychologist's name as sponsor to the work seems hardly justified.

## SHORTER NOTICES.

"Peter Moor's Journey to South-West Africa." By Gustav Frenssen. Translated by Margaret May Ward. London: Constable. 1908. 4s. 6d. net.

Peter Moor is the name turned into English of a young German volunteer in the German naval corps at Kiel. In 1904 the news came that "In South-West Africa the blacks, like cowards, have treacherously murdered all the farmers and their wives and children". Peter did not even know they were Germans who had been murdered; but the Major made a speech in the courtyard of the barracks and Peter volunteered to go with the regiment that was being raised for South-West Africa. He is a good, honest, intelligent, affectionate German of the artisan class. He sees war from the simple direct personal standpoint of men of his class, patriotic indeed, but who think amidst the horrors of death and savage warfare, of disease and thirst, more of their homes and families than of national objects and imperial policy. His narrative has the artistic simplicity and the vivid detail of a master of the Tolstoyan method, and its object is one with which Tolstoy has made us familiar. It is not a novel, nor a story of adventure with a hero, nor an account of the suppression by the Germans of the revolt in their African colonies. There are no colonial scandals nor any discussion for or against German Weltpolitik. The realism is the realism of imagination and not of documents, and we believe that Frenssen has conversed with Peter Moor and transformed his story as Defoe listened to sailors or read some narrative of plain fact and turned it into "Robinson Crusoe". We do not know whether, in the absorbing interest of the story, we should have recognised the didactic object which has been to the translator the motive for translating it. Cowper moralised Alexander Selkirk; but no one has yet found a moral to "Robinson Crusoe", and we are very doubtful about the taste which insists on our taking Peter Moor as a polemic of the Peace Society. With the translator's opinion, however, that the story is absorbingly interesting and beautifully told every reader will agree, and we add with pleasure that the translation is worthy of the book.

"France in the Twentieth Century." By W. L. George. London: Alston Rivers. 1908. 6s. net.

Mr. George expatiates so largely on the peculiar advantages he enjoys as the son of British parents, born and educated in France, returning afterwards to England, that we have been somewhat disappointed to find how inadequately he fulfils the expectations he arouses. We do not, however, wish to imply that there is not much that can be read by some Englishmen with profit, even though there be lacking freshness in Mr. George's points of view. In dealing with the relations between Church and State he takes the view of the ordinary English newspaper and conveniently ignores the gross system of persecution and espionage in the army which accompanied the recent raid on Church property. He tries to maintain that the Parliamentary Republic has been a success and that France retains a commanding station in Europe. It is hardly necessary to deal at length with these fallacies, which have been exposed again and again in these pages and are contradicted by the recent course of events in Europe. He may be correct in saying, "Yet another generation, and France will no longer be a Christian State", but he is ludicrously unfair when he attributes this deplorable contingency, should it ensue, to the fault of the Church. There probably never existed in the course of history a more efficient and self-denying priesthood than that of France. The growth of materialism, fostered by the Government, is responsible in great measure for the decay of religion and high ideals, and thereby for the loss of France's position as a Great Power. In dealing with other political matters, with social life, literature and the drama, Mr. George makes a good many sound remarks, and on the whole his views are sensible if not very original.

"The Works of James Buchanan." Edited by J. Bassett Moore. Vols. I.-III. Philadelphia and London: J. B. Lippincott Company. 1908. £12 12s. the set of 12 vols.

These are the first three volumes of a sumptuous edition apparently of everything of a public nature written or spoken by President Buchanan during a long public career. It is due to the piety of his niece and will be a mine of information for those interested in the political history of the United States,

(Continued on page 400.)



## FORCEFUL TRUTHS ON THE SUBJECT OF HEALTH.

Do we get the most out of life? That is the portentous question which appropriately forms the opening chapter of a timely publication from the pen of Dr. Andrew Wilson bearing the impressive title, "The Art of Living." People frequently complain of the "burden of living," and Dr. Wilson points out how, in order to get the most out of life, every duty should be performed without becoming a toil. The reader will probably argue: "It is all very well to tell me these self-evident truths, but how is one to attain this much-to-be-desired condition?"

Dr. Wilson, however, does not stop at pointing out the evil, but gives one also the remedy and lays bare important truths which the world will be the better for attaining. He takes the case of a person who is run down. He feels languid and is easily tired. "If he neglects this warning—for all such signs and symptoms are Nature's warning to us—the possibility is that he will pass further afield into the great lone land of disease."

### The Riddle Explained.

The question of practical interest is: "Can he do anything to save himself from such a disastrous result?" The reply is that he can, for in a vast majority of cases it is a question of restoring one's vigour. "He may require rest," continues Dr. Wilson; "he must be careful in the matter of his diet, avoiding excess of all kinds. But something more than these measures is required. A tonic is necessary. Unfortunately," continues this authority, "the number of tonics is legion." Then follows this arresting pronouncement:

"If there exists any preparation which can combine in itself the properties of a 'tonic' and restorative, and which at the same time can contribute to the nourishment and building-up of the enfeebled body, it is evident such an agent must prove of the utmost value to everybody."

Evidently Dr. Wilson believes that an ounce of practice is worth a ton of theory, for he says: "I have found such a tonic and restorative in the preparation known as Sanatogen. Recovering from an attack of influenza, and suffering from the severe weakness incidental to that ailment, Sanatogen was brought under my notice. I gave it a fair trial, and the results were all that could have been desired. In a short time my appetite improved, the weakness was conquered, and without the use of any other medicine or preparation I was restored to health. It is this personal experience of Sanatogen which leads me to recommend it so strongly in all cases of weakness."

In that breezy and chatty way of his, Dr. Andrew Wilson explains that "Sanatogen combines two distinct elements, one tonic, the other nutritive." How one of these "actually forms a very important, if not the most important, constituent of our brain and nervous system" is told in the most lucid terms devoid of all technicalities, so that those who run may read.

### A Paramount Question.

Vastly significant are the Doctor's remarks on a subject that closely concerns all mankind. "Now it is of no service to prescribe medicine by way of arming ourselves against weakness. Medicine is given to cure disease, not to build up or impart strength or vigour." He proceeds to show that what is needed is something that—taken whenever the vital powers begin to flag—will restore them in a natural manner. And he immediately adds: "Sanatogen is truly to be regarded as a preparation of this kind. Let the overworked man give it a trial. It will restore his vigour, and, by strengthening him, give him literally a new life."

The message conveyed in this interesting treatise has a deep significance for all those who desire to attain to the best in the way of living. Some specimen copies of Dr. Andrew Wilson's "The Art of Living" are available for distribution, and one will be sent gratis and post free on application to the Publishers, F. Williams and Co., 24 Alfred Place, London, W.C., mentioning the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Sanatogen is sold by all Chemists in tins from 1s. 9d. to 9s. 6d.—[ADVT.]

PERSONS who may be considering the advisability of making financial provision of a satisfactory character for themselves or for their dependants, should obtain the new prospectus of the

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but, as is inevitable, will also contain an enormous quantity of material that the world would willingly forget. The later volumes will be the more interesting, as the conduct of Buchanan, who was Lincoln's immediate predecessor, has always been a subject of controversy as to how far it made a civil war inevitable. Just before he became President Buchanan was United States Minister in England. In 1832 he was Minister in Russia, and Vol. II. contains some interesting letters written from the Russian capital. Buchanan stayed in London on his way back, where he met Talleyrand, Palmerston and others. His speech for the impeachment of Judge Peck, which is in the same volume, will interest students of the United States Constitution. The speech on the Maine Boundary in Vol. III. revives an episode which still rankles in Canadian bosoms; it shows Buchanan's great regard for States' rights, which has a bearing on his after career. This edition is to consist of twelve volumes, and the number of copies printed is limited to seven hundred and fifty. What would the world give for a similar memorial of Julius Cæsar! A short memoir of Buchanan should have been given in Vol. I.

"Revue des Deux Mondes." 15 Septembre.

M. Hanotaux begins in this number what we suppose is to be a series of articles on the Congress of Berlin. It is always a pleasure to read M. Hanotaux, who handles his materials in masterly fashion; he is never mastered by them, as is too often the case with inferior workmen. He has also had the advantage of studying the unpublished memoirs of Count Schuvaloff, which, however, are not so full as they might be. Count Schuvaloff appears to have omitted all reference to the negotiations which took place before the outbreak of war. This is unfortunate, for, as M. Hanotaux truly says, they contain the root of the matter. We should have much liked to know the Russian secret version of the proceedings at the Constantinople Congress. Schuvaloff's account of the arrangement secretly negotiated by him with the British Government before the Berlin Congress is of interest, though its main lines were already known. It was clearly an unpleasant surprise to Bismarck to find that England abandoned Asiatic Turkey to its fate, but he had already appeared in the rôle of supreme arbiter. This was perhaps the culminating point of his career.

MISPRINT.—In "The Tardy Bust" by A. A. Baumann in last week's issue "genuine lovers of letters and of real history do now, I believe, without exception owe their immeasurable debt" should have been "genuine lovers of letters and of real history do now, I believe, without exception own", &c.

For this Week's Books see page 402.



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# HONGKONG & SHANGHAI BANKING CORPORATION.

## EIGHTY-SIXTH REPORT

Of the Court of Directors to the Ordinary Half-yearly General Meeting of Shareholders, held at the City Hall, Hongkong, on the 22nd August, 1908.

### TO THE PROPRIETORS OF THE HONGKONG AND SHANGHAI BANKING CORPORATION.

GENTLEMEN,—The Directors have now to submit to you a General Statement of the affairs of the Bank, and Balance Sheet for the half-year ending 30th June, 1908.

The net profits for that period, including \$2,000,387.85, balance brought forward from last account, after paying all charges, deducting interest paid and due, and making provision for bad and doubtful accounts, amount to \$5,403,917.67.

The Directors recommend the transfer of \$500,000 from the Profit and Loss Account to credit of the Silver Reserve Fund, which Fund will then stand at \$14,000,000.

They also recommend writing off Bank Premises Account the sum of \$250,000.

After making these Transfers and deducting Remuneration to Directors there remains for appropriation \$4,638,917.67, out of which the Directors recommend the payment of a Dividend of Two Pounds Sterling per Share, viz.: £240,000—which at 1s. 9½d., the rate of the day, will absorb \$2,653,142.86.

The Balance, \$2,005,774.81, to be carried to New Profit and Loss Account.

#### DIRECTORS.

Mr. A. J. RAYMOND, Mr. G. H. MEDHURST, Mr. A. FUCHS, the Honourable Mr. HENRY KESWICK (Chairman), and Mr. E. GOETZ (Deputy-Chairman) having resigned their seats on leaving the Colony, Mr. C. S. GURRAY, Mr. E. G. BARRETT, Mr. C. G. R. BRODERSEN, the Honourable Mr. W. J. GRESSON, and Mr. W. HELMS, have been invited to fill the vacancies; these appointments require confirmation at this Meeting.

Mr. E. SHELLIM has been elected Chairman for the remainder of the year, and the Honourable Mr. W. J. GRESSON Deputy-Chairman.

#### AUDITORS.

The accounts have been audited by Mr. W. HUTTON POTTS and Mr. J. W. C. BONNAR, the latter in the place of Mr. A. G. WOOD, who has left the Colony.

E. SHELLIM, Chairman.

Hongkong, 11th August, 1908.

### ABSTRACT OF ASSETS AND LIABILITIES.

30th June, 1908.

LIABILITIES.		ASSETS.	
Paid-up Capital .. .. .	\$15,000,000.00	Cash .. .. .	\$50,350,978.47
Sterling Reserve Fund £1,500,000 at ex. 2s. .. .. .	15,000,000.00	Coin lodged with the Hongkong Government against authorised and/or excess Note Circulation .. .. .	10,000,000.00
Silver Reserve Fund .. .. .	13,500,000.00	Bullion in Hand and in Transit .. .. .	2,076,785.88
Marine Insurance Account .. .. .	250,000.00	Indian Government Rupee Paper .. .. .	2,458,968.56
Notes in Circulation:—		Consols, Colonial and other Securities .. .. .	6,743,863.63
Authorized Issue against Securities and Coin Deposited with the Crown Agents for the Colonies and their Trustees .. .. .	\$15,000,000.00	Sterling Reserve Fund Investments, viz.:—	
Additional Issue authorised by Hongkong Ordinances against Coin lodged with the Hongkong Government .. .. .	1,473,278.00	£1,208,000 2½ Per Cent. Consols at 8½ .. .. .	£990,560
		(of which £250,000 is lodged with the Bank of England as a Special London Reserve).	
Current (Silver .. .. .	\$84,312,175.01	£255,000 2½ Per Cent. National War Loan, at 90 .. .. .	229,500
Accounts (Gold £5,442,319 5s. 11d. = .. .. .	61,380,696.88	£325,000 Other Sterling Securities, written down to .. .. .	279,940
			£1,500,000 at ex. 2s. \$15,000,000.00
Fixed (Silver .. .. .	\$56,385,246.70		
Deposits (Gold £4,747,740 3s. 6d. = .. .. .	53,576,940.53	Bills Discounted, Loans and Credits .. .. .	\$109,877,225.79
		Bills Receivable .. .. .	235,482,748.96
Bills Payable (including Drafts on London Bankers, Call Loans and Short Sight Drawings on London Office against Bills Receivable and Bullion Shipments) .. .. .	12,498,485.54	Bank Premises .. .. .	1,790,169.04
Profit and Loss Account .. .. .	5,403,917.67		
Liability on Bills of Exchange re-discounted, £5,950,845 2s. 10d., of which £4,714,233 19s. 11d. have since run off.			
	\$333,780,740.33		\$333,780,740.33

### GENERAL PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT.

30th June, 1908.

Dr.			Cr.
To amounts written off:—		By Balance of Undivided Profits, 31st December, 1907	\$2,000,387.85
Remuneration to Directors .. .. .	\$15,000.00	Amount of Net Profits for the Six Months ending	
Dividend account:—		30th June, 1908, after making provision for bad	
£2 per Share on 120,000 Shares = £240,000 at 1s. 9½d. = ..	2,633,142.86	and doubtful debts, deducting all Expenses and	
Transfer to Silver Reserve Fund .. .. .	500,000.00	Interest paid and due .. .. .	3,403,529.82
Transfer to Bank Premises Account .. .. .	250,000.00		\$5,403,917.67
Balance forward to next half-year .. .. .	2,005,774.81		
	\$5,403,917.67		\$5,403,917.67

### STERLING RESERVE FUND.

To Balance, £1,500,000 at ex. 2s. .. .. .	\$15,000,000.00	By Balance 31st December, 1907, £1,500,000 at ex. 2s. .. .. .	\$15,000,000.00
(Invested in Sterling Securities).			
	\$15,000,000.00		\$15,000,000.00

### SILVER RESERVE FUND.

To Balance .. .. .	\$14,000,000.00	By Balance 31st December, 1907 .. .. .	\$13,500,000.00
		" Transfer from Profit and Loss Account .. .. .	500,000.00
	\$14,000,000.00		\$14,000,000.00

J. R. M. SMITH, Chief Manager.

J. COX-EDWARDS, Chief Accountant.

E. SHELLIM,  
H. E. TOMKINS,  
G. FRIESLAND. } Directors.

We have compared the above Statement with the Books, Vouchers, and Securities at the Head Office, and with the Returns from the various Branches and Agencies, and have found the same to be correct.

HONGKONG, 11th August, 1908.

W. HUTTON POTTS,  
J. W. C. BONNAR, } Auditors.

## THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

CONTENTS—OCTOBER 1908.

GERMAN POLICY IN MOROCCO. By Sir ROWLAND BLINERNHASSETT, Bart., P.C.  
THE FUTURE OF TURKEY. By J. ELLIS BARKER.  
CONSTANTINOPLE AT THE DECLARATION OF THE CONSTITUTION. By Professor D. S. MARGOLIOUTH.  
GEORGES CLÉMENTEAU. By AUGUSTIN FILON.  
THE GOVERNMENT AND COMMUNISM IN IRELAND. By Captain PERCY CREED.  
SOME RECENT ARCHEOLOGICAL DISCOVERIES. By D. G. HOGARTH, M.A.  
A NAVAL UNDERSTANDING WITH GERMANY. By EXCURITOR.  
THE DECAY OF THE SHORT STORY. By EDWIN PUGH.  
THE STATE VERSUS THE HOME. By M. K. INGLIS.  
THE ENDOWMENTS OF THE CHURCH IN WALES. By W. M. J. WILLIAMS.  
SIRMIONE. By LAURENCE BINYON.  
PLAYS OF THE NEW SEASON. By WILLIAM ARCHER.  
THE PERSIAN CRISIS: A REPLY. By Professor EDWARD G. BROWNE, M.A., M.R.C.S.  
FOREIGN AFFAIRS: A CHRONIQUE.  
THE INTRUDING ANGEL: A STORY. By CHARLES MARRIOTT.

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VOLUME XXII. for 1908.

¶ The New Volume of BOOK-PRICES CURRENT commences with the sale at Messrs. PUTTICK AND SIMPSON's on October 3 last year, and is carried down to the sale of the Heraldic and Genealogical Library of Sir Arthur Vicars held at SOTHERBY's on July 27 and 28, 1908.

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## THIS WEEK'S BOOKS.

### BIOGRAPHY

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